The Chronicle

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Wright High School Co-operative Club

Organized For School-Welfare

—MEMBERSHIP—

Faculty—Parents—Patrons of Wright Hi Pupils

Meets Second Friday of Every School Month at 2:30 P. M.

Come to the next meeting and show your interest in your daughter's school career. Meet the teachers and see the school.

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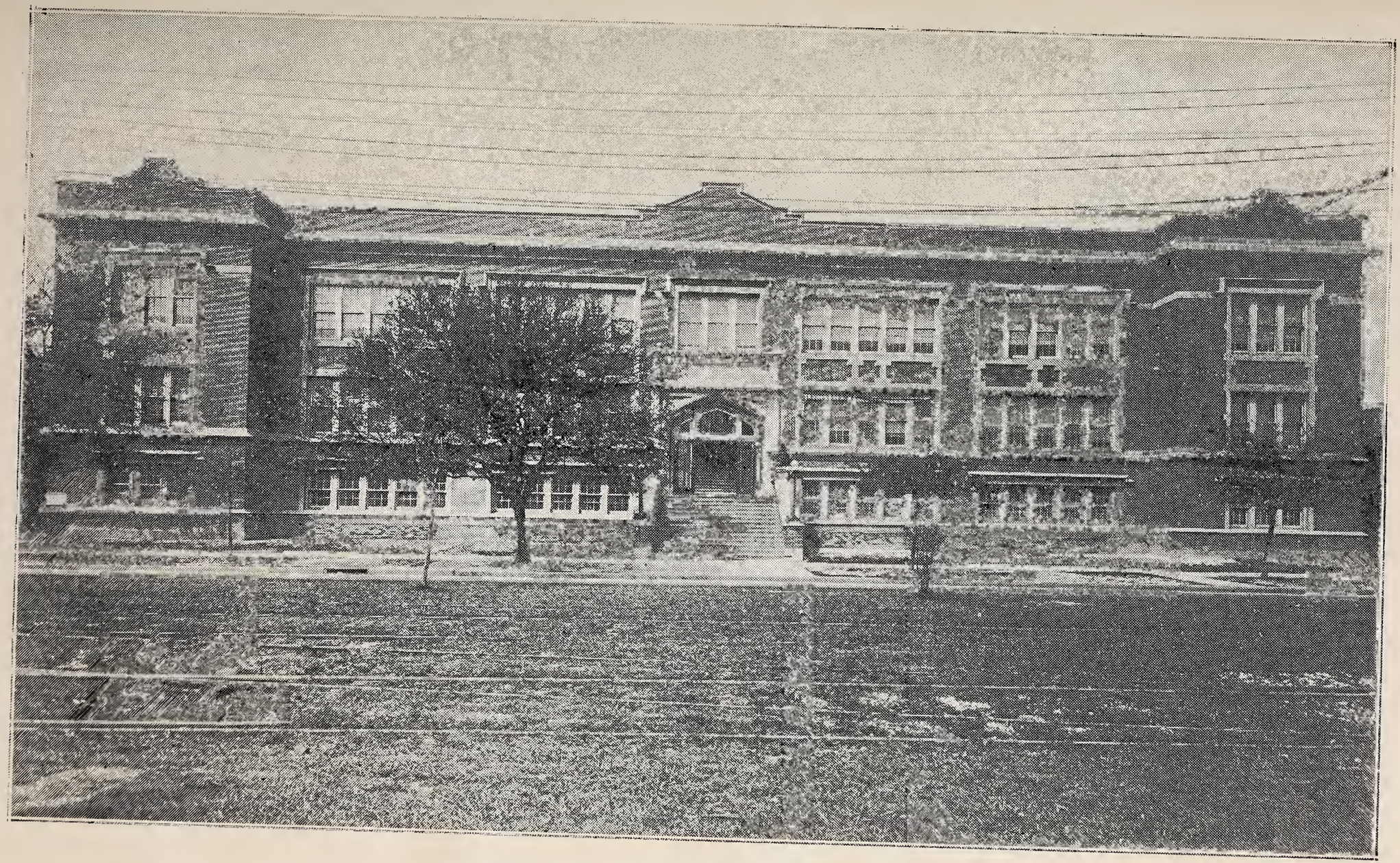

SOPHIE B. WRIGHT HIGH SCHOOL

THE CHRONICLE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF WRIGHT HIGH SCHOOL
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE STAFF

Editor in Chief ---------- Betty Gash.
Assistant Editor ---------- Rena Wilson.
Assistant Editor ---------- Helen McVey.
Assistant Editor ---------- Virginia Tete.
Literary Editor ---------- Charlotte Boatner
Business Manager ---------- Leola Dalton.
Advertising Manager ---------- Belle Watson.
Assistant Advertising Manager ---------- Norma Gebelin.
Joke Editor ---------- Margaret Campbell.
Athletic Editor ---------- Ethel Jane Westfeldt.
Staff Artist ---------- Mary Louise Ryckman.
Faculty Advisors ------ Miss Mary Noel Harrison, Miss Winnie D. Daly.

Reporters

Specials—Sarah Barkoff.
Senior A—Frances Blacklock.
Senior A—Myrtle Gastrell.
Senior A—Helen Kaufman.
Senior A—Thais Micas.
Senior A—Dorothea Teunnison.
Senior B—Edna Gamble.
Senior B—Mimi Kammer.
Senior B—Evelyn Todd.
Junior A—Marion Jones.
Junior B—Adele Foster.
Junior B—Catherine Stewart.
Sophomore A—Winona Bringhurst.
Sophomore A—Selma Heitzner.
Sophomore A—Dorothy Pillow.
Sophomore B—Margaret Govan.
Sophomore B—Roy Blumenthal.
Sophomore B—Rose Palermo.
Sophomore B—Alice Trawick.
Freshman A—Adrienne Ashbury.
Freshman A—Lucille Callac.
Freshman A—Alice Ellington.
Freshman A—Joie Kammer.
Freshman A—Marcella Leverich.
Freshman A—Valerie Stauss.
Freshman A—Eugue Tebault.
Freshman B—Lydia Campbell.
Freshman B—Jeanne Dunlap.
Freshman B—Luella Jackson.
Freshman B—Roberta McKee.
Freshman B—Janet Sanford.
Freshman B—Margaret Wallis.

Commercial Reporters

Section 1—H. Aicklen.
Section 2—F. L. Botkofsky.
Section 3—D. Chapman.
Section 4—M. Babney.
Section 5—S. Dulitz.
Section 6—M. Falk.
Section 7—Marguerite Hall.
Section 8—M. Innes.
Section 9—A. Langford.
Section 10—E. Lorio.
Section 11—M. Nathan.
Section 12—C. Palmer.
Section 13—E. Rousseau.
Section 14—L. Schwegman.
Section 15—A. Udinsky.
Section 16—S. Weeinstein.

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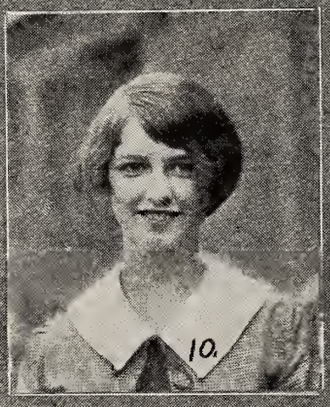
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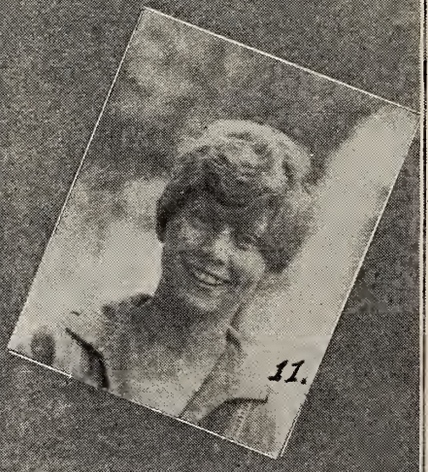
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1. Betty Gash

Ever willing to lend a hand,
With demeanor calm and impressing—
Her very air is studious
To willingness for work confessing.

2. Leola Dalton

Leola is her Christian name
But "Efficient"" it should be
When you are in trouble
She is the only one to see.

3. Helen McVey

Helen's eyes are lovely,
And her disposition's sweet,
And she has so many friends
That her happiness is complete.

4. Charlotte Boatner

Of all the girls in our Wright High,
There's one we love the best,
Not a quitter, not a shirker—
Always was a high school worker.

5. Virginia Tete

Virginia is a girl that we won't forget,
She has winning ways and her hair is jet;
Popular is she, and witty, too,
So here's to Virginia, and her to you.

6. Norma Gebelin

She dances oh, so lightly
In a manner most entrancing
Pavalova has retired
Since Norma took to dancing.

7. Belle Watson

Find one that is wittier
Than our own red-headed Belle
What the future holds in store for her
Is more than you or I may tell.

8. Rena Wilson

Rena makes you always think
Of small birds—brown and shy;
She has a heart of purest gold
For which many a one will sigh.

9. Ethel Jane Westfeldt

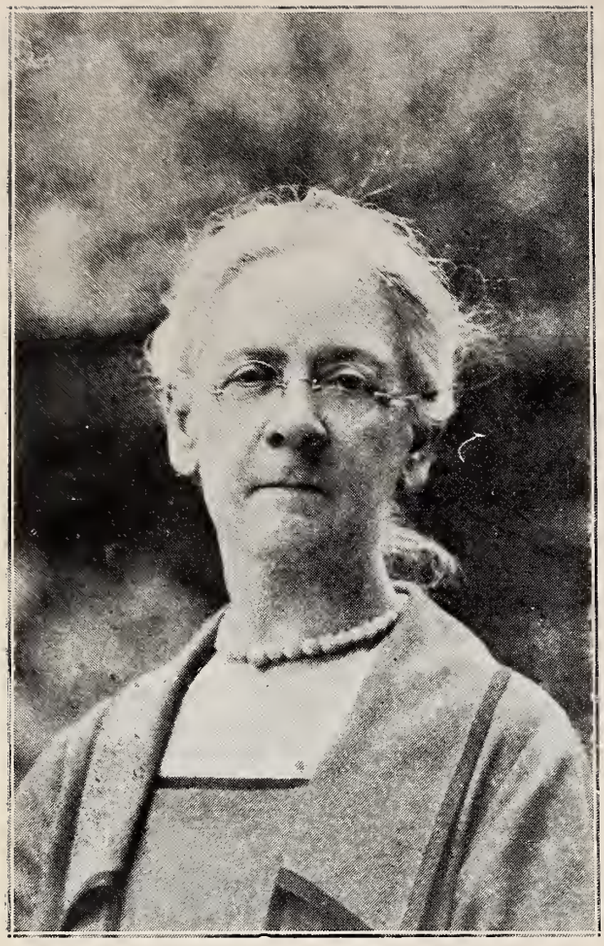
There's a twinkle in her eye
And by nature she is shy;
Oh, yes, she's full of joy—
A real, for true tom-boy.

10. Mary Louise Ryckman

Mally as an artist
Will win her way to fame,
And give an added luster
To her justly famous name.

11. Margaret Campbell

An English lass
That's in our class,
And sweet!—You bet!
She's Margaret.



MRS. A. LUSHER

Inshrined in our hearts—your teaching, shall prove
A Guerdon of strength as onward we move
Through the devious paths that before us unroll
In the game each must play is she'd reach the goal.

As teacher and friend you've been faithful and true
Let the message these feeble words carry to you
Tell how very much stronger, how deep, how snicere,
Is our tribute to her whom we love and revere.

Miss W. D. Daly

Whose help was it so good and wise,
Whose labor helped our enterprise!
Who gave us ever of her time,
And censored each and every line
That went to print? To whom do we
Give all our thanks? Why, all to Thee,
Miss Daly
Who's never failed us in our need,
Who has been friend, and friend indeed!
Who gladly worked and helped us make
The Chronicle its place to take
Among the best? We name her here,
Our friend, our guide, and teacher dear,
Miss Daly

Class Song

To the Tune of, "I'll See You In
My Dreams".

Now the time draws near,
Parting brings a tear,
We are sad to part with comrades dear.
Teachers, guides so true
We will think of you,
And in thought we'll hold you ever near.

Tho our ways must part,
In our inmost heart
Wright Hi we've stored mem'ries sweet of thee.
It will make us strong
Tho the way be long—
Thee our faith we pledge and loyalty.

Chorus

So, Good-bye dear Wright High,
School-books we'll put by,
Life is calling "take up the torch,
Hold it high, and join in the march",
All your precepts wise
We will always prize,
They will lead us on thru life,
So good-bye dear Wright High.

RENA WILSON.

ONWARD

GRADUATION time is almost here, and soon we who are to be graduated will leave Wright High—some to continue their studies, some to enter the business world, and some to enter other paths which perhaps are still indefinite. We shall no longer be united as one class, but shall be separated, each going her way and doing her work. But no matter what course we pursue after graduation, let us choose for our motto "ONWARD". All of us can't hope to become famous and known throughout the country, but all of us—can strive to go onward. Fame is not the only thing in the world to strive for. No matter what we choose as our work after finishing high school, there will be something to work for; something that will make us want to be up and doing not be slackers. The world has no use for shirkers; the person who is ready and willing to do her share, to assume her responsibility, is the one who makes her way in the world and wins the respect of her fellow beings. So, don't let us have any shirkers in the class of June '25. Let each one of us do our share so that Wright High School will be as proud to acknowledge us as graduates, as we are proud to claim the Wright High School as our school. Don't forget "ONWARD" is to be our slogan always.

TO THE STAFF

IN THIS final issue of the Chronicle, we may appropriately express our appreciation of what the retiring staff has accomplished. They have devoted their time and efforts toward developing the various departments, and toward improving the Chronicle as a whole.

Their untiring devotion has resulted in a paper that has more inspiring editorials, more interesting fiction, more live news, and

funnier jokes; a paper that is better in every respect. The paper has been left in splendid conditions so that the incoming staff may take up the work where they have left it. Much credit is due the Business Manager and the Advertising Manager who have made much of the success of the Chronicle possible through their splendid work in the Advertising department. The peak of their achievement is represented in the New Orleans Number, in which are found remarks of the old traditions, and bits of romance from the history of our picturesque old city.

The new staff will need the co-operation and assistance of every student in Wrgiht Hi to carry on. So it's up to us, and here's for a bigger and better Chronicle in the future.

MARIE LOUISE HUMMEL,

MARY DUREN.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

IT WOULD be improper to allow this last edition of the 1924-25 Chronicle go to press without some word of congratulation to the girls who have for the past year so well upheld the traditions of our school paper and have in so large a measure added to its glory.

The February class of 1925, under the very able leadership of Miss Beatrice Davis, worked against almost overwhelming odds, but succeeded in keeping alive the spirit of the Chronicle, and each issue that they produced was a tribute to the untiring zeal of their Editor-in-Chief and a small band of co-workers. The gratitude that the next staff felt towards these girls for their good work in behalf of the Chronicle found expression in the very first act of the new management, a surprise luncheon tendered the outgoing staff the Friday before their graduation.

The present staff was elected before the expiration of the preceding term, and was thus able to make a better start on their work than is usually the case. It was at once decided to issue four numbers, instead of the usual three,—necessitating increase in advertising rates, subscription rates, etc. An intensive campaign was launched by the business manager, with the enthusiastic cooperation

of each and every member of the staff and ably assisted by the entire Senior A class; result, a greater paid in advance circulation list than ever before. Advertising contracts poured in, in greater number than had ever before been thought possible. More money, it is true, has been collected by the Chronicle this term than has been the case during any former term of its history; and more has been given for that money. "A Bigger and Better Chronicle", the motto of the staff has been ever the aim, and it has been realized.

The secret of this success is found in the magic word,—Cooperation. Not alone could the staff have done this work. It was due to the cheerful assistance given at all time by anyone who was called upon to help,—and by many who did not wait to be called upon, but who volunteered, and even hunted up work to do. Every girl who secured an ad, every one who wrote an article, every one who handed in a good joke, helped to make this success possible. The unofficial staff, "Jimmie" Gollmer, who was so able an assistant to the business manager; Hyacinth Eden, the "official" chauffeur", who so cheerully contributed her car, her gas, her services to the good cause at all time; Lois Johnson, who handled the High School of Commerce end of the work: the Senior A reporters, Dorothea Teunisson; the other reporters who tried so faithfully to secure the coveted "one hundred per cent" subscription lists for their classes; the Dramatic Club; and literally hundreds of others may look with pride upon this year's magazine and say, "I helped to make it a 'Bigger and Better Chronicle.'"

The Editor-in-Chief, Betty Gash has had, seemingly, an easier road to travel than have some of her predecessors, due to the display of this wonderful spirit of cooperation. But it does not in the least detract from the honor that is due her; it is probably a tribute to her good generalship. She has worked hard and faithfully, always inspiring her fellow-workers and coordinating their activities into one harmonious whole. The assistant editors, Charlotte Boatner of the Literary Department, Helen McVey the News Editor, Rena Wilson of the Catty Club, Virginia Tete of the Exchanges, Ethel Jane Westerfeldt of the Athletics, Margaret Campbell (with her

jokes so ably censored by Mrs. Reed),—each has given her very best to the cause; working not only in her own department, but each and every one helping out in any other field or in any capacity in which she was needed. The Business Manager,—surely we all know what Leola Dalton has done; her untiring efforts to make ours the finest school magazine published. Eight issues each school year from now on, instead of six, and a regular date for the appearance of the Chronicle are but two of the items for which the school owes her its gratitude. And the Advertising Managers! Not only have Belle Watson and Norma Gebelin covered themselves with glory, but they have set a new standard in the matter of the amount of advertising that can be attracted to a school paper. The Staff Artist, Mary Louise Ryckman, although last on the list, is by no means the last when it comes to work. Her art speaks for itself in the very clever cover cuts and captions that she has furnished us with. Most of the latter class of cuts that we have used this term have been those of the former staff, the work of their artist, Martha Levy. To both these artists is credit due for their untiring efforts in school work. Posters! Whenever anybody wants a poster, they hunt up the Chronicle Staff Artist; and presto! the poster is produced.

The memory of the staffs of the 1924-25 Chronicle will always be a bright one in the history of the Sophie B. Wright High School. Future classes will find it no easy matter to surpass the records that they made. May these girls succeed as well in all the undertakings of their lives as they have done in making ours a "Bigger and Better Chronicle". Could one wish them more?

—W. D. D.

Lena Amato

Lena, who is forever laughing,
Jolliest girl we know,
Has a voice that's fine for singing—
Abroad she will some day go.

Elizabeth Bacher

A sweet little brown-eyed girl is she
With many a cheering smile,
A perfect wife she will be
To the one she thinks worth while.

Kitty Ruth Bacon

Kitty Ruth of the cheery laugh
And the sunny, sunny smile
For us many a weary hour
Doth charmingly beguile.

Mildred Baker

A bright lass this,
And a happy one, too,
The best looking one
We ever knew.

Shirley Barker

Shirley Barker of the laughing eyes,
Although of a studious bent,
Has an enviable gift of making friends
That is surely Heavenly sent.

Vera Bayard

You can look the whole world over
But I know you'll never find
A girl as sweet as Vera—
She's the good, old-fashioned kind.

Ruth Bentley

Here's to her eyes so blue,
Here's to her ruby lips;
Here's to the girl so good and true—
May she the cup of happiness sip.

Francis Blacklock

She's a conscientious creature,
Her fidelity is rare;
She's always at our History class
Whenever we go there.

Virginia Blanchard

Here's to Virginia,
So healthy and strong,
She tells you swell jokes
And sings all day long.

Milbrey Bourne

Look out upon the stars, sweet love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.

Edna Brash

If you want to learn the latest step
Or sing the snappiest song,
Just ask our own Edna Brash
And you'll know it before long.

Sylvia Brumfield

A wisp of laughter and none of tears,
Is Sylvia of the sunny smile;
As a friend, she is one of the peers
And, I'm sure, her laugh will you beguile.

Ruth Burt

A good pal
If ever there was one
And for her,
Friends are easily won.

Nell Campbell

Nell Campbell, our student
So bright and sweet,
When it comes to Math
She can't be beat.

Ursula Carnahan

Small, blonde, and demure,
Is a girl in our class.
She is no other than our own Ursula.
Her friends will always last.

Eloise Chapman

I know a little "Chap" that's not a man,
But a girl in our Senior class;
She's a model of behavior
And a darling little lass.

Evelyn Chenet

We all know Evelyn so bright
In History, French and Math.
Her cheerful face, a pleasant sight,
And her smile, a beaming light.

Leona Cohen

Leona Cohen, a friend of mine,
Is very, very wise;
But not so much in books and such,
As she is in making eyes.

Marian Cousins

Her winnng smile and winning way
Always brightened the darkest day.

Evelyn Cross

Evelyn is an American
Tried and strong, 'tis true;
But why is that for the friend
There's nothing she won't do?

Fay Dancy

An actress tho' she is,
Her true self shows thru;
Don't miss her friendship
Whatever you do.

Dorothy Daubert

Dorothy gets many "E's,"
She knows no other mark—
No matter what the subject,
She proves herself a shark.

Hilda Dawson

This little maid, so winsome and shy,
Is the one upon whom you must keep your eye,
For with her downward glances,
Many a young man she entrances.

Ruby Dawson

Rubies are
Most priceless gems
And so is this Ruby
A priceless friend.

Carrie Dennett

Carrie Dennett, so petite,
Is a little girl so sweet
Candy is just all she eats—
Do you wonder why she's sweet?

Ronile Dickenson

With an ever-ready wit
And an ever-ready smile
She has an ever-ready battery
And an ever-ready wile.

Margaret Dolan

Margaret Dolan is hard to beat
In lessons or athletics.
The story of those who tried this feat
Is sure to be pathetic.

Marion Dowling

Marion's ever ready to play;
She is always cheerful and bright,
But this does in no way mean
That her work she does ever slight.

Ida Drezinski

Ida Drezinski is small and petite,
When it comes to French, she can't be beat;
She's of a very cheerful sort
And is always willing to do her part.

Bessie Dromgool

There are so many Bessies of all types and
....kinds
You'll find them wherever you go,
But there's only one Bessie that's in our
minds—
She's the Bessie we Seniors all know.

Nora Dubourg

An actor,
And an athlete, too,
Miss Little's room
Is her rendez-vous.

Marie Louise Duquesne

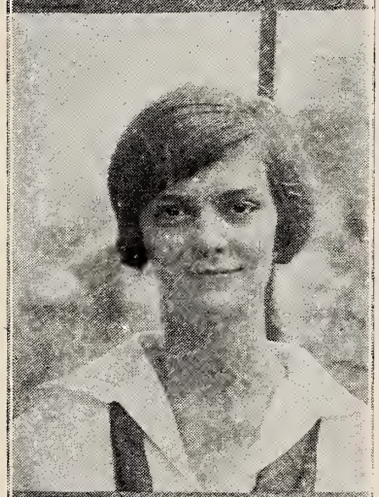
Her eyes are stars of twilight fair—
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

Floretta Ebeling

Floretta Ebeling, laughing and gay,
Is irresistible all the while;
She is cute, they say, and fond of play,
But her charm lies in her smile.

Hyacinth Eden

Piano is her study,
Her playing is divine;
And some day in the halls of fame,
Her name will shine.



Grace Ellington

Tall and lithe as a sapling she stands
Like a Grecian Goddess of old,
And with her many manifold charms
Her future is surely foretold.

Adelaide Elliott

Adelaide with tresses brown,
With smile so sweet and never a frown
Revealed a marvelous mysteree—
Miss Hunter knows how to make an "E."

Helen Erb

Enemies she has none
But virtues she has all.

Lydia Estopinal

All beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or even can have birth
Compared to hers, is void and Nature's care
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

Marion Faber

In these days of servant trouble
It is well to be a cook,
So Marion showed rare judgment
In the cooking course she took.

Oleta Claire Farris

In high schools old and high schools new
Oleta made credits quite a few,
But at last to Sophie Wright came
To add "graduate" to her name.

Dorothy Feitel

Dorothy, your smiles always
Help to cheer the day,
And your laugh is always ready
To cheer a fellow on the way.

Ruth Fell

Here is our Ruth
So lovely and fair
She won't need a wig
'Cause she has long blond hair.

Kathryn Florintino

She is such a merry soul,
Whatever mood you're in
Kathryn can cheer you,
With her big happy grin.

Hermanie Garsaud

Herminie, oh, listen, I do pray,
To these lines so blithe and gay;
You are my friend so gentle and kind—
Think of physics when you read these lines.

Myrtle Gastrell

Always smiling, always happy
Bringing sunshine everywhere.

Maybell Gaudin

Maybell Gaudin, a student bright,
Stays up to study? half the night
But strange to say,
The very next day,
Her mind is a clean sheet, blank and white.

Emily Gerde

Her hair is black as a raven's coat
Jet black too are her eyes.
In physics test she always gets
Hundreds and ninety-fives.

Sadye Rae Goldstein

Now who is that girl
So jolly and gay?
Why it's nobody else
But our Sadye Rae.

Carmelita Gongalez

Senorita Carmelita
With an air of far off Spain
In any fields of her endeavor
Laurels she is sure to gain.

Helen Gough

Happy am I, from care I'm free—
Why aren't they all content like me.

Violet Gulledge

Violet seems to have a smile
For each and every one;
She may seem shy and meek-like,
But she's always in the fun.

Louise Guth

Witty and bright,
With a sweet, sweet smile
Is one Louis Guth,
Gay all the while.

M. Heckel

A continual giggle, a musical laugh,
That's Maxine as a rule.
Do you suppose she learned this
At Wright Hi School.

Helen Hiller

Active, eager, all a-fire,
Always stirring, never tire.

Olga Hoefeld

Olga is a girl I know,
You cannot help but love her;
Girls may come and girls may go,
But I'll love her forever.

Elizabeth Hollis

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made such another.

Janet Hooper

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew?

Dorothy Ittman

Dorothy tries so hard, you know,
To learn her lessons every day
'Tis wrong for me to say this though,
It's fun to watch Dot struggle away.

Eduardo Jennings

This beautiful girl upon whom you gaze
Is as bright as the golden sun's rays;
Such a gifted one is rarely found
Though you travel the whole world round.

Lois Johnson

In the winter when she's workng,
Lois is very mild
But when the winter's over
She's quite a different child.

Bertha Kahn

Bertha is a Senior fair
And everyone envies her curly hair;
'Tis true she laughs her time away
But she knows her lessons every day.

Erna Kausbaum

Erna's ever-ready wit
Causes the Seniors their sides to split.

Alice Kathman

Alice makes a lot of noise
About the work that she will do,
But when she's done we must admit
That what she said was true.

Helen Kaufman

Helen! .Oh, Helen!
Troy fell for that name—
Here's hoping you'll always
Live up to your fame.

Eleanor Kelleher

It's a D T O this morning,
It's a D K E to-night,
It's a Sigma Chi and a "The Dansant"—
But they all cry "She's all right."

Gertrude Kesler

G. is for Gertrude, companion of yore,
How sad she will be to leave History's door;
She'll never again hear of land battles grim
Or financial problems to make your head spin.

Nancy Kirkpatrick

How brilliant is the morning star!
The evening star how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
Their softness and their splendor.
She will capture your heart.

Isabelle Lafonta

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn!
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint.

Aften Lanford

Aften Langford is a peach
But soon she will be out of reach
Because one fine spring day
Someone is sure to steal her away.

Helen Law

Here's to Helen so winsome and gay,
What will be her lot some day?
Some say they see a prince in view;
Cupid says, "Of course they do."

Anita LeBlanc

Anita's neat, and Anita's cute,
And Anita's smart as well;
And she can do a lot of things
As anyone will tell.

Mary Louise Leddy

The secretary of her charm 'tis hard to tell
But that she's loved is known full well.

Miriam Leguenac

Miriam is tall and stately,
She's very kind and sweet
And Miriam is always gracious
To whomever she may meet.

Katherine Lehon

Katherine was a student at
Sophie Wright, 'tis true,
But to a far off college
More oft her mind flew.

Joel Lilly

Not too serious nor gay
But a jolly good girl in work or play.

Alice Lockhart

Alice is a bit reserved—
We only know her slightly,
But I am sure she's awf'ly sweet,
That's why she smiles so brightly.

Myrtle Long

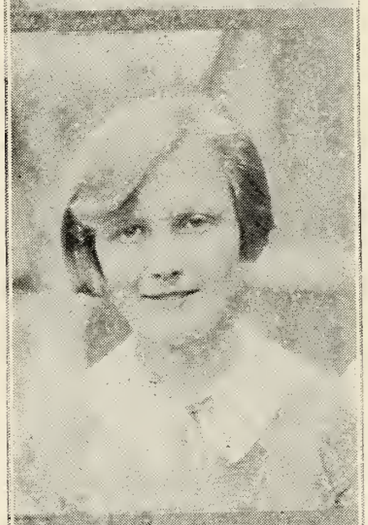
She has light hair
And deep blue eyes
And a melodramatic sigh
But the long and short of all is this,
She's only three feet high.

Violet Lotz

Now Violet, you just can't behave,
Not with those eyes so bright;
You'd make a cave man leave his cave
And everyone knows I'm right.

Ruth Mass

Ruth Maas is so bright
That she shines all her knowledge and more
She always knows when to use HNO3
Instead of H2SO4.



Bernice Mansberg

Bernice, whose hair is very red
But hasn't a temper to match her head—
We wish you luck where'er you go,
Because, you see, we love you so.

Olive Marshall

I love you for your loving ways
And just because I love them so,
And will soon lose them—thus I know
The great value of our remaining days.

Thelma McCarthy

I don't know much about her,
But one thing's very true—
If you want to like somebody
She is the girl for you.

Blanch McCrary

Gold brown hair, soft brown eyes,
A cute, pert little nose;
She's a truly Pollyanna—
There's joy where'er she goes.

Clara Meyer

Clara is the envy
Of all the girls in town;
No one has curls so charming,
No one has curls so round.

Josephine Meyer

Josephine Meyer has beautiful hair
Which she combs, as you see, with the great-
est care,
But she's not at all vain, and she's very,
very bright,
Why we think she must study her lessons
all night.

Ruth Meyer

With long brown tresses
And eyes to match,
Whoever she wants
Will be easy to catch.

Daphne Middleton

Fresh from England, across the sea.
To the Crescent City and Wright Hi.
Came a stranger, Daphne—
The friendship of Southern Girls, to try.

Thais Micas

Thais, dear Thais, portrayer of parts,
What a wonderful boy you make,
You are sweet, and humorous and have
plenty of pep,
So strive always to keep up ths rep.

Alice Mollere

Dainty little Alice
In every way is hard to beat.

Margaret Monroe

A sweet little girl is Margaret Monroe,
Her Latin she never knew;
"You'd have to be Caesar's ghost," she said,
"To pass by Miss Kinnabrew.

Israella Moore

She's not a blonde, nor quite a brunette,
But she's the sweetest girl in town.
Not a flirt, not a coquette,
Yet hundreds of friends flock around.

Ruth Moss

With a saucy mien
And a piquant air
Many a thing
She'll do and dare.

Mary Norwood

Her eyes are brown,
Her hair is, too;
She's mighty sweet,
Let me tell you.

Corinne O'Toole

Now, Corinne's a wise student,
Jovial and playful,
But always prudent.

Anna Pabst

Sweet, shy and demure,
'Tis Anna, you'd know—
Undaunted by work,
With dull care as her foe.

Julia Pailet

One of the sweetest girls I know
Is our dear Julia Pailet;
We're sure that she her point will make
Whatever the profession she undertakes.

Marjorie Pierce

Marjorie is capable,
Marjorie is quiet,
Marjorie is amiable—
No one can deny it.

Dora Perlman

Her name, 'tis true, is Dora;
Dora, but not dumb;
To her for the mere asking,
The joys of life will come.

Martha D. Pichet

In English, French, or Algebra,
She's good—but as a rule,
She's wiser yet in things that are
Not taught in any school.

Dorothy Plauche

Pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on, too.

Bessie May Pringle

You entered this school with a smile
On a bright September day,
And all one can say about you, dear:
You'll leave it in the same way.

Claire Prosdame

No one has seemed to guess it—
She's the most romantic in her class;
She's meant for love and home type
This golden-haired lass.

Josephine Rachal

Not too serious nor gay,
But a jolly good girl in work or play.

Hessie Randall

Hessie Randall,
With always a smile
Wherever you see her
For you all the while.

Miriam Reighly

Quite and calm Reighly
With an intellectual air
For serious study
She has decided flair.

Louise Reiser

We grant although she has much wit
She was very shy of using it.

Eula Richaud

Eula Richaud is a girl that is liked by all—
In fact, the total of her friends
Would fill a great big ball.

Annabelle Robertson

Do you know Annabelle Robertson?
No one could be sweeter or dearer;
By the tricks of her art,
She will capture your heart.

Cora Sadler

Here's to our Cora
The musician so grand
For playing the piano
She's famed thru the land.

Miriam Saer

She has a ready humor,
A jovial nature, too;
And a ready smile for everyone,
Including me and you.

Elizabeth Salisbury

To any class of any kind
She'd be an acquisition—
She's amiable to everyone,
It's just her disposition.

Adeline Sandoz

Who is there who doesn't know
And doesn't like A. Sandoz?
At all originalities she's just the best one.

Yvonne Sandoz

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamour that you gave
To each hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest.

Francis Saucier

Francis Saucier, who looks so wise,
In math is just a wonder;
Miss Daly things she is a prize,
For she never makes a blunder.

Leah Sawitsky

We have many and many a friend, 'tis true,
For many and and many a season,
But Leah's a friend who'll stand by you
In the sun and rain of any season.

Elmire Schekeler

We love Elmire for her winning way,
Her eyes and friendly smile;
And to hear this girlie sing
Is really worth your while.

Honorine Sherman

Honorine is capable,
And she is very smart;
Why mention that now?
She's been that from the start.

Corilla Smith

Hail to our treasurer,
Corilla is her name.
She takes all our cash away
But we love her just the same.

Edith Smith

A girl more able,
Capable and truly fine,
You'll search in vain
And never find.

Lelia Smith

When Lelia Smith gets the blame
For anything that's gone wrong at High
She says, "I'll get there just the same
And learn to be good bye and bye."

Joseph Smith

Your hair so gold, your eyes so blue,
Your disposition charming;
The way you have of making friends
Is perfectly alarming.

Jennie Solomon

She's really very little
Weighs not quite a ton.
Oh, gee! .It's hard to make up a riddle
About Jennie Solomon.

C. Streiffer

Cometa is conservative,
She'll be so all her days,
For she's the sort of person
Who is set in all her ways.

Honnah Streiffer

Ever to cheer us, early and late,
Is Honnah Streiffer, sweet and sedate;
Her bright blue eyes and winning ways
Make much sweeter our senior days.

Marles Louise Stevens

A diller, a dollar
Our ten o'clock scholar,
Marie Louise, is her name;
She thinks the numbers nine and ten
Are made to look the same.

Karen Strandvik

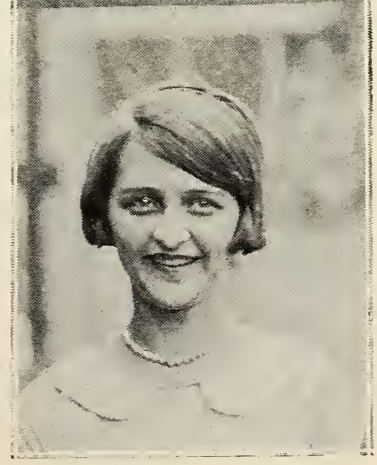
From a line of vikings bold
Karen comes from country cold
Her golden hair and deep blue eyes
Cause many, many long, long sighs.

Audry Studyvin

So many eyes to me are dear
So many do me bless;
But best are those blue ones deep as deep
wood—mire
Where leaves are flutterless

Helen Tate

I can but say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
And call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.



Dorothea Teunisson

She always has a smile,
She's a friend both true and steady;
And to lend her class a helping hand
Dorothea's ever ready.

Phonsie Thompson

Just "fawncy" it once.
Then "fawncy" it twice.
By jove, old fellow!
I say! aren't she nice?

Eliska Tobin

Who is this little miss with the winning smile
That sets all the boys nearly wild?
She has sweet personality and lots of mentality—
Eliska, dainty and mild.

Nelville de Verges

Though a hackneyed expression
I'm sure 'twould be meet
In speaking of Nelville,
To say that she's sweet.

Elmire Welsch

She's the type we want to be—
Black hair and eyes of blue;
She's the hail fellow—well met kind
And to her friends is true.

Juliette Wehrman

There are lots of people think her shy
And lots who think her quiet
But those of us who know her well
We surely must deny it.

R. Weymouth

I'm more than fond of Rose
But gushing's not my line
So you'll know that I'm in earnest
When I say she's truly fine.

Dorothy Wigginton

Dorothy makes one think of
"Linger a While"
When she shows her teeth
In her endearing smile.

Helen Wigginton

Oh, Helen, fair! .Oh, Helen, my dear!
What a wonderful girl you are:
You have wit, and charm, and nothing to fear,
So what more is there to wish for?

Audrey Yates

Brown eyes and dark brown hair,
Lips and cheeks of cherry hue,
A disposition kind and sweet,
To me can mean but you.

Alma Zar

Alma Zar is our prize athlete—
She won a "W," you know;
She performs feat after feat;
Never fails, but cries for more.

Class Prophecy

We three were so excited,
We were to have a feast
On a great big old chocolate cake—
Just grand, to say the least.

We slowly then put in the knife
And much to our surprise,
A million little dreams jumped out,
And danced before our eyes.

The first Dream was our President,
A Physicist is she,
The second was Belle Watson,
Of husbands she's had three.

Josephine M., a model,
For style does set the pace.
R .Meyer, our Norweigan lass
Manufactures lace.

Of a home for orphan children,
M. Campbell is the matron,
And Dot Feitel, our doctor friend
Still searches for a patron.

A Sandos—famous dancer,
Has won the world's applause
M. S. Stevens—woman sheriff,
'Bides strictly by the laws.

T. Micas is a lawyer,
Divorce cases are her "line".
Corilla Smith's a millionare—
Owns a gold and silver mine.

H. Dawson—a gym teacher
Jo keeps a riding school.
N. Kirkpatrick is instructor
At the Newcomb swimming pool.

L. Reiser has invented
New means for locomotion.
B. La Fonta's aided beauty
By her new facial lotion.

J. Solomon and Sadye Rae
Have a pretty florist shop
On the street, a sturdy figure
M. L. Leddy—traffic cop.

Floretta E. makes a colleciton
Of books and antiques old.
Despite her many lovers' pleas,
Dot Ittman's heart is cold.

A famous athletic instructor,
N. Dubourg has proved to be.
Little blonde Ursula Carnahan—
A suffragette now is she.

Blanche M. and Janet Hooper,
N. Gebelin and L. Duquesne,
Have all donned nurses' uniforms,
And others relieve from pain.

Anita Le Blanc has organized
A trip for around the world.
Flo Ziegfield claims that Myrtle Long
Is the best of his chorus girls.

Some teachers are F. Saucier,
M. Heckell and Eloise Chapman.
In a busy office grinds away
A stenographer, Alice Kathman.

Ada and Fay Dancy
Are featured on the screen;
While Helen Tate, the high school vamp
Is now a movie queen.

Phonsie T., the tennis champ
By glory has been kissed.
Leola Dalton, studious girl,
Is a basterioligist.

E. Welsh, interior decorator,
Is known everywhere;
While an agent for old Henry Ford
Is the now thin Miriam Saer.

Cometa and Honnah Strieffer,
In real estate make sales
While Ronile D. that lucky girl
Has wed the Prince of Wales.

Kitty Ruth Bacon exhibits
New ways to comb the hair
While Dora Perlman, bad coquette,
All mankind does ensnare.

Lena Amato is known
As the 'Girl with the Golden Voice".
Between a career and marriage
Dot Plauche has her choice.

Ruth Moss resided in gay Paris
She's a charming demoiselle.
Grace Ellington is very rich
Owns more than one oil well.

M. Baker's editor-in-chief,
Of the well known New York Sun.
Being sport editor of the same,
Keeps M. Dolan on the run.

And also on the staff we see
M. Cousins and J. Rachal
One with fiction the paper supplies,
The other with doings of the "belles".

Mally, a famous cartoonist,
Cora has musical fame;
Here Ruth Maas and Hyacinth Eden
Also have won quite a name.

The two B's—Bessie and Bertha
A dainty tea-room have they,
Virginia Tete, an authoress,
Writes stories—the best of the day.

Marion Faber is a teacher
Domestic Science's her line
Debutantes—Eleanor and M. Pichet
To the "Terrible Tooters" keep Time.

Eduardo Jennings, just see her
President of the U. S. A.
Among Cabinet members we notice
F. Blacklock and Helen McVey..

There's a lady all covered with diamonds
My Goodness! It's Ida Dredzinski.
As we gaze on the character actree
We recognize Leah Sawitzski.

Adelaide Elliot and Betty Gash
Two happy homes have built.
Ruth Fell owns a specialty shop
And of hats know just the right tilt.

Helen Wigginton, a artist
Paints portraits of famous men,
Thelma McCarthy, an artist too.
Shares with Helen her "den".

Eliska Tobin is cheer leader
At the new L. S. U.
At Newcomb, Clara Meyer
Leads the Olive and the Blue.

L. Johnson and E. Brash
Are dancing on their toes
M. Pierce a famous Magician
Is welcome'd wher'ere she goes.

A linguist, and far renowned
Is the well known Juliette Wehrman.
Way out west, in Hollywood,
A director—Honorine Sherman.

On the Orpheum Circuit, Edith Smith,
So merrily juggles her balls,
O. Farris, and operator
Answers all telephone calls.

E. Bacher and Ruth Bently
Do missionary work
As a true wife—Leila Smith
Her duties never shirk .

J. Pailet, Nell de Verges
S. Rein and Alma Zar
Have each an office of their own—
They're members of the bar.

Of an extremely prosperous laundry
The manager's N. Campbell.

Carrie Dennet and M. Braud
Tons and tons of "goodies" sell.

L. Estopinal travels round the town
On a Higgins' "Rubberneck" truck
V. Bayard—an expert "tailoress"
With orders galore is amuck.

M. Thompson has now become
A wealthy farmer's wife.
D. Teunisson maks lectures
On how to lengthen life

The queen of the ivories, Evelyn Chenet
I can see in the future, fame will pet.
While Gertrude Kesler and Hessie Randall
Have many stocks and bonds to handle.

R. Dawson and E. J. Westfeldt
Are councilors at camps
A. Studyvin and Audrey Yates
At Olympic games are champs.

Erna Kasbaum and Helen Law
Are raising crows that say "caw caw",
Anna Pabst and Leona Cohen
Are both out in the field a hoein'.

M. Bourne and Sylvia Brumfield
Reducing clases hold
D. Wigginton, R. Weymounth
Are explorers — wonderous bold.

Louise Guth and Helen Hiller
Have a message received from Mars.
In Shirley Barker's emotional plays
The world can find no flaws.

E. Salisbury's a pretty model
For the front of a magazine
M. Leguenec's a proud and happy wife
Of Tulane's handsome Dean,

Dot. Gulledge and Bessie Pringle
Abroad with people mingle.
Helen Erb and Corinne O'Toole
Have each erected a swimming pool.

Helen Gouth and Emily Gerde
As Mack Sennet Beauties shine.
Ruth Burt a Newcomb Graduate
To an artist's career inclines.

Mary Norwood, Olga Hoefeld
Dancing classes each have held
While Helen Kaufman and O. Marshall
To the stage are very partial.

Margaret Monroe and Israella Moore
Have opened up a candy store
There clerks E. Hollis and Joel Lilly
Greet Daphne M. and her new husband Billy.

E. Schekeler keeps a beauty shop
Here one can get a marcel wave
M. Reighly is a maid of means
To this town a school she gave.

V. Lotz is the editor
Of the jolly book called "Life".
E. Richaud is in the shows
As the s wallower of the knife.

C. Florentina's a tourist's guide
In N. Dowling's Art museum
M. Gaudin drives a taxi cab
E. Garsaud—a limousine.

V. Blanchar has discovered
That new elements exist
C. Prosdame's social worker
And the poor her aid enlist.

A. Robertson dextrously molds
Y. Sandez swims and dives.
K. Strandvik as oratoress
To the heights of glory strives.

The next is an insane asylum
And in it, you notice us three
But after writing such as this
Where could you expect us to be?

Class Will

WE THE JUNE CLASS OF 1925, being of sound mind and body, but realizing that we are upon the last lap of life in this happy world, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

TO MRS. LUSHER, our dear Principal, we will and bequest what she has long wished for, a school 10 miles from any drug store.

TO OUR FELLOWMEN, who will remain in this world, we bequest the following:

TO THE SENIORS, a small Ford truck with driver to be used to round up material for Baby Party, Chronicle, etc.

TO THE JUNIORS, the aspiration to become as famous seniors as we are.

TO THE SOPHOMORES, a book on weak points of freshmen.

TO THE FRESHMEN ,an everlasting store of good humor to withstand the jibes of sophomore.

TO MISS DALY, and the Chronicle staff, we will a super-galaxy of "ads" and subscriptions.

TO THE LUNCH ROOM, we bequest a vacuum cleaner, which may be used to gather up the peanut shells after the next baby party.

TO MISS LAMBERTON, we will an empty early dismisal book with a police dog to keep it empty.

TO MISS FLANAGAN, we will an automatic device for collecting books on the proper days.

TO MISS SEIFERTH, we leave a cast that will be letter-perfect in their parts at the first rehearsal.

TO MISS LITTLE we leave a long waiting list of prospective campers.

TO MISS BUCHANAN, we will an annual visitation of butterflies that will alight on her desk and expire blissfully for art's sake.

TO MISS PITOT, we leave military equipment to aid the chorus in attacking.

TO MISS DUPRE, we will a parrot that will say at the correct moment—ne soufflez pas.

TO MISS ECHEZABAL, we will a medal presented to us for her in acknowledgment of the good work she has done in spreading "la lenqua Castillana".

TO MISS MACHAUER, we leave a skeleton so she will not have to use herself as a model in her physiology class.

TO MISS DELACROIX, we leave a money order which she may use to replace her cypress knees by cork ones.

TO MISS PERKINS, we will a class that is intelligent but dumb (not the up-to-date meaning for the word.)

TO MISS HARRISON, we leave seniors that prefer Browning to Harold Bell Wright.

TO MISS HUNTER, we leave a life-size picture of Dr. Johnson partaking of his mid-day meal.

TO MISS VICKERS, we leave a small court within walking distance of the school where her class may visit monthly.

TO MISS RIGGS, we leave pupils who are as "children entering the Kingdom of Heaven".

TO MISS VALLAS, we leave an ample stock of tiny dainty shoes that will continue to delight her pupils.

TO MISS KINABREW, we will a time clock so that she may boast of her roll-call being not only perfect, but automatic.

TO MRS. COLLINS, we leave a fund for entertaining the tardy girls at tea, thus turning a hardship into a PLEASURE.

SO THIS WILL is drawn by Lawyers M. Campbell and C. Gonzales, on this twenty-second day of May in the year of Our Lord, nineteen twenty-five, from dictation of the Secretary of the said June Class of 1925, in the presence of Witnesses.

Class Motto

Ad astra per aspera

(To the stars thru difficulties.)

Class History

September 15, 1922! What a wonderful day that was to us! For our dreams were beginning to form themselves into tangible things. Even the remarks made by scornful and superior seniors could not take away the glamor from that memorable day. Here as Freshmen we began the first lap of the road to success and graduation.

The Seniors forbade us to wear earrings and confiscated all the earrings found on Freshmen. After days of new work we were given our baby party. One morning each Freshman was handed her "bottle" invitation, and that evening we were allowed to see in that wonderful Baby Partly, the handsome and daring rogue (the Shiek). Another feature of the evening was the trip to baby-land, wh ere we saw the fattest baby in three countries being weighed.

Soon our baby days passed and we were Sophomores Oh! how glorious it was to lord it over the Freshmen.

Then last September we were made seniors. Oh! the glamour of that little word.

We then gave our very own baby party, a unique circus, which was a great success, and made us famous far and wide. Now with our class play and class feast, we are on the last lap of the road which has led to achievement. As words are a poor form of expression when the heart is in them, we can only say, "Dear Wright High! we shall never forget you".

Senior Songs, Movies and Books

L. Amato—Sunshine.

E. Bacher—Curly Top.

K. R. Bacon—The Faithful Heart.

M. Baker—The Heart Buster.

S. Barker, F. Blacklock, C. Boatner — The Eternal Three.

V. Bayard—Dancing Fool.

R. Bently—Come out of The Kitchen.

V. Blanchard—Too Tired.

M. Bourne—Top of the World.

E. Brash—Wine of Youth.

M. Braud—Pal O' Mine.

S. Brumfield—Who is Sylvia.

R. Burt—Flirting with Love.

M. Campbell—Safety Last.

N. Campbell—Just a flower from an old bouquet.

U. Carnahan—Song of Love.

E. Chapman—Keep it Dark.

E. Chenet—The Turmoil.

L. Cohen—The Poor Little Rich Girl.

M. Cousins—The Little French Girl.

E. Cross—The Dangerous Flirt.

L. Dalton—His Hour.

F. Dancy—A Triumph.

D. Daubert—Dangerous Curve Ahead.

H. Dawson — The Littlest Rebel.

R. Dawson—Jazz Mania.

C. Dennet — The Average Woman.

R. Dickinson—Hot water.

M. Dolan—Smiling Thru.

M. Dowling, Ida Drezinski—Abie's Irish Rose.

B. Dromgool—Christine of the Hungry Heart.

M. Drueding—Vanity Fair.

N. Dubourg—No, No, Nora.

M. L. Duquesne—Zaza.

F. Eberling—Madame Butterfly.

H. Eden—Queen of the Ivories.

G. Ellington—The Dream Girl.

A. Elliot—School Days.

H. Erb—True as Steel.

L. Estopinal—Why Men Leave Home.

M. Faber—Dreaming.

O. Farris—The Girl Of The Golden West.

D. Feitel—Bundle of Joy.

R. Fell, H. Wigginton, D. Wigginton, T. McCarthy — Our Gang.

L. Flair—Little Miss Why.

K. Florintino—O Sol O' Me.

H. Garsand—Sweet Lady.

B. Gash—Wonderful One.

M. Gastrell—Nellie The Beautiful Cloak Model.

M. Gaugin—You Never Can Tell.

N. Gebelin—The Humming Bird.

E. Gerde—Age of Innocence.

S. Goldstein—Sally.

C. Gonzales—The Spaniard.

H. Gough—That Red Head Girl.

D. Gullege—Lass O' Laughter.

L. Guth—Charlie My Boy.

M. Heckell — Hold Your Breath.

H. Hiller—Be Your Self.

E. Hollis, E. Jennings — Suppose I Had Never Met You.

J. Hooper—Dixie.

D. Ittmen—The Dressmaker From Paris.

L. Johnson—Fascination.

B. Kahn—I'll Say She Does.

E. Kasbaum—The Student.

A. Kathman—It's All The Same To Me.

H. Kaufman—Born Rich .

E. Kelleher—Pampered Youth.

G. Kesler—Grandma's Boy.

N. Kirkparick—Isn't Life Wonderful.

I. La Fonta—The Spanish Dancer.

A. Langford — Excuse My Dust.

H. Law—Seven Chances.

A. LeBlanc—Circe.

M. Leddy, J. Lilly — Old Pals.

A. Lockhart—The Gaiety Girl.

M. Leguenec—My Best Gal.

K. Lehon—The Perfect Flapper.

M. Long—Peter Pan.

V. Lotz—Honest And Truly.

R. Maas—Ashes of Vengence.

B. Mansberg, C. Prosdame — The Go Getters

O. Marshall—Oh! Doctor.

B. McCrary—I'm Afraid To Care For You.

H. McVey, E. Schleckler — I Love You.

C. Meyer—The Beloved Vagabond.

J. Meyer—Flaming Youth.

R. Meyer—Daughter of Two Worlds.

T. ...Micas—Circus Days.

D. Middleton—Mighty Like a Rose.

A. Mollere—The Silent Watcher.

M. Monroe—So Big.

I. Moore—Whose Issie Is She.

M. Norwood—There is a little Bit Of Bad In Every Good Little Girl.

C. O'Toole—The Luck of the Irish.

A. Pabst—Anna Ascends.

J. Pailet—Stumbling All Around.

L. Pierce—Margie.

D. Perlman—Dulce.

M. Pichet, D. Plauche, R. Moss — The Three Musketee

B. Pringle—This Freedom.

J. Rachel — The Dangerous Blonde.

H. Randall—Lavender and Old Lace.

M. Reighly—The Spectator.

S. Rein—The Good Natured Man.

L. Reiser—As You Like It.

E. Richaud—The White Peacock.

A. Robertson—Sweet Little You.

M. L. Ryckman—The Masterpiece.

C. Sadler—She Stoops to Conquer.

M. Saer—The Fighting Blade.

E. Salisbury—The Coquette.

A. Sandoz—A Sainted Devil.

Y. Sandoz—Learning to Love.

F. Saucier
E. Tobin
V. Tete
} Soldiers of Fortune

L. Sawitzkey
J. Solomon
} Potash and Perlmutter

H. Sherman—The Importance of Being Earnest.

C. Smith—Empty Hands

E. Smith
L. Smith
J. Smith
} The Whole Town's Talking

M. L. Stevens—Oh, What a Pal Was Mary!

K. Strandvik—When My Sugar Walks Down the Street.

C. Streiffer
H. Streiffer
} I Wonder

A. Studyvin—Adventure.

H. Tate—Helen of Troy, New York.

D. Teunnison—The Thinker.

A. Thompson—Ponjola.

M. Thompson—All Alone.

N. De Verges—The Little Minister.

B. Watson
E. J. Westfeldt
} Buddies

E. Welch—The Romantic Age.

J. Wehrman—Sweet and Low.

R. Weymouth—Rose of All the World.

R. Wilson—The Genius.

A. YATES—The Last Laugh.

A. ZAR—Youth.

By Marion Dowling and
Ida Drezinski

Results of Senior Ballot

Most popular, Carmelita Gongalez, Ethel Jane Westfeldt.

Prettieht, Ruth Fell, Martha Pichet and Eleanor Kellsher.

Brightest, Carmelita Gongales, Charlotte Boatner.

Sweetest, Jo Smith, Rena Wilson.

Wittiest, Belle Watson, Margaret Campbell.

Cutest, Myrtle Gastrell, Katherine Lehon.

Peppiest, Belle Watson, Margaret Campbell.

Best athlete, Leola Dalton, Nora Dubourg.

Most talented, Myrtle Long, Hyacinth Eden.

LITERARY

THE OLD ROSE AND SILVER GIRL

BY VIRGINIA TETE

"Say, Hardie, can't you come to the graduation of the girls' high school tonight, with me?"

These words were the first ones which fell upon the ear of Harding Connor, as he picked up the telephone after its impatient ringing.

"Aw, Bill, what's the use?" replied Connor, rather sadly. "I don't know anyone in this town, least of all any of the girls who are graduating. So why should I go?"

"That's just the reason why you don't know anyone," retorted Bill savagely, "you won't go anywhere, so how can you expect to meet people? Chuck the old books and come along—I don't want to go alone! And say—you know that cute girl I was talking about—Daisy Riley—well, she's in the graduating class. And if ever a girl was a peach she's one! Come on! I'll stop by for you at eight!"

"Well, all right then," replied Harding slowly.

He replaced the receiver upon the hook and turned to remount the college stairs. After all, anything was better than remaining in the dormitory, night after night, when all the other students were out with their "dates" or having other good times. Life seemed very lonely to Harding Connor, away from home, in a new college, among new people, and seeing new customs and new sights. Rather a hard boy to understand, he had not made many friends in his college days. With his Northern mien and accent, he appeared to be cold and reserved, and most of the other students kept as well out of his way as they could.

That is, everyone except one William Woodward, another Tulane student, better known as Bill, left him alone. A warm friendship ensued between these two entirely different boys. The stranger—tall, black-haired, gray-eyed, and tanned—the other—blonde-haired, blue-eyed, and of medium height, were also entirely different in disposition. Bill was fun-loving, gay, and happy-go-lucky, while Harding presented a disposition exactly opposite: serious, steady, and passionate, with a wealth of deep feeling and thought.

The hall was rather crowded as Harding and Bill entered, but they were fortunate enough in securing two seats well up towards the front.

"Quite a crowd here," remarked Bill, gazing back at the sea of faces.

"And hot, too!" exclaimed Harding.

"Aw, keep still, you'll forget all about the heat when you see the girls! Jove, it's beginning now, the orchestra is going to play! Oh, boy! I bet Daisy looks swell!"

Harding stood up as the orchestra played "America" and gazed at the stage with its decoration of palms and ferns. Why had he come? Why had he not remained in his room perusing his Latin books or his Trig.? Even that was better than sitting in a room of hot, stuffy people, preparatory to hearing several addresses and essays. Why had he come? As he sat down, Bill nudged him. The graduates were entering.

Small girls, tall girls, blondes, brunettes, slim girls, fat girls, they interested Harding not a particle, and not until the were seated on the platform did he actually glance at them.

"That's Daisy — the small blonde one, seated exactly in the middle of the first row," whispered Bill.

Absently Harding turned his eyes upon her, but they never reached that far, for his gaze halted abruptly upon the face of the girl next to her. Harding's heart beat strangely! He, the "Sphinx" as the boys had nicknamed him, hadn't been the least interested in girls before. But this one, well, she was different! Dressed in old rose and silver, her dark eyes sparkling, with excitement, a band of silver ribbon wound about her curly hair, long, well-rounded arms, white hands, one of which held a bouquet of pink rosebuds, she presented a picture any artist would have given his very life to paint.

"What a girl!" breathed Harding softly, "old rose and silver!"

Fascinated he gazed upon her. Oh, to learn her name, to meet her, to speak to her! Harding would have given all his possessions to do this. Eagerly he awaited the time whence the distribution of the diplomas should take place, so as to learn her name.

"Miss Daisy Annalee Riley!" said the speaker.

Whereas Miss Daisy Annalee Riley arose smiling, to receive her diploma.

Unfortunately Harding was doomed to disappointment, for the burst of applause which greeted Miss Riley's presentation was long and loud, and completely drowned out the name which he longed so to hear. An instant later the old rose and silver girl had her diploma and he had not learned her identity.

"Just like me!" he muttered grimly. "This is my hard luck again! No sooner do I see the girl of my dreams, than she proves to be as distant and unattainable as the stars above!"

Once more down the aisle marched the graduates, the old rose and silver girl passed quite close to Harding, and she was gone! Vanished like a beautiful dream forever out of his life, it seemed.

Gone but not forgotten. Dimly he heard Bill's voice and felt the touch of Bill's hand upon his shoulder.

"Come on, Hardie, what are you waiting for? To be locked up in this place?"

"The girl! Who was she?" asked Harding, dreamily.

"Girl? Which one? There were one hundred and twenty-five graduating."

"The one next to Miss Riley."

"Huh, I didn't notice any of the others. Daisy's good enough for me!"

Two weeks later the college term had drawn to a close, bringing with it the completion of Harding's Junior year.

Harding was up in his room packing his valise preparatory to leaving college. The plan was for him to spend a month at Bill's country home in Hammond before returning to his lonely home up North with his uncle. As he was placing the last of the clothes into the valise, a program fell from one of the pockets.

"My old rose and silver girl!" he murmured. His eyes were dreamy and pensive as he fingered the only connecting link between him and the girl—a graduation program! With a sigh he placed it in his left vest pocket and closed the valise.

. . . . .

A country road, a fine horse, a wide-awake young American. Thus the scene presented itself the great day that was to make such a vast difference in Harding's future life.

He had been riding for the greater part of the afternoon and, as it was nearing dinner time, he turned the horse's head about. Jock, the best horse in the Woodward's stable, was only too willing to turn homeward to his hay and fodder. Suddenly Jock reared and his ears stood up very straight.

"Hi, Jock!" cried Harding. "Steady, old boy! Nothing's wrong!"

He soon changed his mind though. The clatter of hoofs, a piercing scream, a young girl clasping a horse's neck, told of a runaway, and ere many moments had passed the pair sped by.

"Let's save her, Jock!" cried Harding, giving the horse a resounding blow. Jock, unaccustomed to blows of any sort, snorted and raced madly after the runaway.

Only ten feet away from them, and with a scream the girl released her hold and fell to the ground while the horse sped on. In a moment Harding was down on the ground, the girl's face in his arms. As he raised her, her hat fell off and Harding started as he gazed at her.

"Old rose and silver girl!" he cried.

It was she! With trembling hands he lifted her head and leaned it against his shoulder. She was breathing! But what to do? They were a good five miles from any settlement and he most certainly could not carry her that far if she

was badly hurt. As he was contemplating the best step to take, the girl herself settled the question by opening her eyes and looking at him.

"Why—er—where—" she tried to speak.

"Don't worry," Harding reassured her, "you're all right now. How do you feel?"

"Oh, I remember—Dixie became frightened and ran away!"

"I came after you but you tumbled off before I could reach you," said Harding.

For the first time she looked clearly at him. Why he was nice, young, and had such pretty eyes and a hearty laugh. She found herself laughing too.

"Are you sure you're all right?" asked Harding.

"Sure, now I have to worry about getting home. I'm staying at the Rileys'. My name is Rose Walters, and yours?"

"Harding Connors," answered Harding gravely. So her name was Rose, too! How suitable! "I'll take you home."

Before she knew it she was lifted up in his strong young arms and placed on Jock's back. Harding climbed on the horse and off they started.

Moonlight walks, picnics, dances, and long days of happiness for both followed that incident.

It was two weeks later that Harding received the answer he desired so much. They were seated in the summerhouse in the moonlight; the witchery of the moon and the summer night had cast its spell upon both of them and they were very serious.

"Rose," said Harding tenderly, "I want to tell you something. I saw you first at your graduation and I called you my old rose and silver girl. I have dreamed about you ever since and now that I see you in reality I can hardly believe there is a happier person living. Rose, please say I've made you care for me!"

Her answer was in her eyes as she raised them to his. With a glad cry he clasped her to him.

"My old rose and silver girl!" he murmured huskily as he held her close.

LOVER'S LAND

There is a land quite near our homes.
(And yet it is remote.)
A land reached not by road or path,
Reached not by train or boat.

'Tis covered with grass and shrubs
And flowers too, aflame;
Its beauty is enhanced by
Its sunsets ne'er the same.

'Tis full of meadows, brooks and dells,
Oh! it's a pleasant land!
I've never been there, but I know
It's called "Lover's Land."

Oh! Mary, won't you go with me
And sit upon the sand
And watch the moon, the sunset, dawn
In glorious Lovers' Land."

C. Sadler.

DISSERTATION OF A FRIED WEENIE

There once was a bow wow wow,
Who always asked how how how
It would feel in a frying pan.

He asked the cow cow cow,
And he asked the meow meow meow,
But they'd never been in a frying pan.

He asked the quack quack quack,
Who answered back back back
It was awful in a frying pan.

But still that bow wow wow
Had to know how how how
It would feel in a frying pan.

So he asked the pig pig pig,
Who was no prig prig prig
How it would feel in a frying pan.

(And this is what the pig answered.)

"I've never been there," squealed the pig,
But please don't think me a prig,
When I tell you that all my forefathers
Fried there along with all my foremothers.

"And my race is eons older than Sam.
I descend from our 'great' father Ham
And Bacon was great uncle to me.
He lived on an isle 'cross the sea.

"But my world-renowned fame, today
On the seasoned weenie worsts lay
Where you and your brothers shall come
And together we'll be ground into one.

(And here's the interesting part.)
"Into
the
hot,
black,
greasy,
Frying Pan

We are dumped right in to feed the great god man!"
And that is how how how
That little bow woow wow
Learned how it felt in a frying pan.

Detla Jinks.

A PORTRAIT

The girl sat quietly and gnawed her pen. Why did not inspiration come? Others received it, some abandoned it; she has never known it. Sitting there, she felt sure that if once it did come to her, she could write, and it would be really good. But what could she write? That was the point; the desire to do something, backed by an intelligent conception of where the ability lay must be neglected for lack of subject. She was very sleepy. Her eyes half closed themselves and the paper before her became a blur. She dared not read even now what was already there; she dared not stop making all those queer little

gray lines on the smooth white paper (which signified only another way of talking to herself) for fear she would stop thinking. Her fingers were cramped. Her head was beginning to feel very heavy and she was vaguely aware that all sounds above stairs had ceased, so the family must have gone to bed and the hour be late. Then the girl fell asleep. This is what she dreamed:

"Mary Smith! Mary Smith! Hurrah for Mary Smith!" the girls were crying. The clapping of hands gave way to the stamping of feet, and cheers rang through the hall. They were all tremendously proud, these girls, of one in their midst who had so distinguished herself; they were carried away with hero-worship, they were proud of being her schoolmates, and subtly reminded each other of the times when one or another of them had done so and so together with her, or had been told such and such a thing by her—Then she appeared. Out between the curtains onto the front of the stage, in the center of the stage she stood. Always had she been there, in their midst, up above them where all could see, where all could admire, thrilling before their applause and holding the center of the stage. Very graciously, like a queen, she acknowledged their tributes. Then she spoke. It mattered not what she said, they'd applaud again anyway, and so she thanked them for this and that and said what her teachers had told her to say, and did a great many other trivial things—that were expected of her—but always was she conscious of her position, and the admiration and the applause. It had always been thus. A leader, whose utter disability to be anything but honest with herself prevented the developing of a superior complex which, if pushed too far, might have proven disastrous to her success. Success? It meant nothing. Brilliance? Leadership? It was all bluff; she had fooled them all, fellow-students, teachers, outsiders—everyone but herself. Self she could not fool. It made her uncomfortable—took away some of the momentarily tremendous satisfaction, chilled some of her pride. All this without trying. Self persisted, no effort at all! Just remembering that she must always bluff, bluff, bluff—until it became a habit and she did it instinctively. How much better might she have acquitted herself if she had tried! How much more might she have accomplished for herself, if she had tried. Suddenly the girl looked down. She seemed to be standing there before them all, entirely divested of her clothing. This sometimes happens in dreams; but she did not know she was dreaming. Startled and ashamed, she ran to hide herself.

The corn crop of 1923 is estimated by the government bureau of agricultural economics at 24,702,000 bushels, on an area of 1,604,000 acares, with an average yield of 15.4 bushels. The total value amounts to $20,937,000.

A STRAWBERRY PATCH

Bob Ellenworth was walking slowly along Poplar Avenue one hot summer afternoon when he had a sudden desire for some delicious strawberries. He was just in front of the deserted old Fillemore house where there was a patch of most beautiful berries. The temptation was too strong, so he lifted the latch and went in, but no sooner had he done so than the trouble began.

As the gate closed, someone ran out of the strawberry patch into the house. Bob ran after him, maybe it was a tramp or someone on the same mission as himself, thought Bob, but anyway he followed. As he ran in the back door, he heard the other person running in the next room.

The chase continued in one door out the other, but never did Bob get near enough to see the face of his victim.

"Who is it? What does he want? Why doesn't he stop? Must be some titleholder for distance running," panted Bob. Just at this moment the person ran up the broad staircase. Bob followed a few steps below. The runner stumbled and began to fall and as he struck Bob he grabbed for the rail, but in vain, so down they came, landing in a bunch at the bottom of the stairs. Neither moved for a few minutes.

Bob was the first to sit up and as he looked at his companion he saw not a boy from the town nor a tramp, but a girl.

The girl opened her eyes then and such eyes as she had—they were of the darkest blue. Bob thought he had never seen such eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked slowly.

"Me—er—I—oh! I am just Bob Ellensworth," replied the surprised Bob.

"What made you frighten me like that? What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Why, I came for strawberries, just as you did. And say, "Who are you?"

"I am Jamie, the daughter of Professor Fillemore, the last of the Southern Fillemores," the girl answered proudly.

She continued, "I came here today to see about getting the house ready for father and me to occupy next week. That's why I am dressed this way. I never expected a visitor."

"I am sorry to have intruded, but I never expected an occupant."

Both of them laughed at this and then the girl said,

"Come, let's get some of those lovely berries, ' am starved."

"No! Let's go over to my house right next door. Mother would be delighted to meet the daughter of Professor Fillemore. We can get

real food there. Come, I am hungry after that race; you can surely run."

"Why, I can't go in these clothes," answered the girl, glancing at her shirt and trousers. "People would talk and I wouldn't like to give a bad impression the first day."

"Oh, we can go over the back fence."

"All right, there's my suit case. Let's run."

Across the old grass grown walks they ran to the back fence and disappeared on the other side in the Ellensworth side door.

Three weeks later the same girl and boy—at a different time and in a different scene: They are walking down the avenue before the Ellensworth house, in the moonlight and both are glad that there was a patch of strawberries in the Fillemore garden.

C. Stewart.

A ROMANCE

In May 1864, the situation in the South was rapidly becoming desperate General Grant had crossed the Rapidan and was gradually causing Lee to fall back towards Richmond. A series of battles were being fought, and, as these were terminated, messengers were constantly sent back and forth between Grant and those under his command, carrying important dispatches. Among these commanders was General Merideth, a brave but stern soldier. For the most part he had seen but little fighting and had remained as an out-guard of Grant's army. He had made a most beautiful and spacious Southern mansion his headquarters, and was living there with his only daughter. On the sixth day of May the frightful battle of Cold Harbor was waged; almost at the same moment there was assembled in that stately old mansion, all the beauty of General Merideth's army. It was one the season. Gay couples danced gracefully to the stately music. In one corner attentive young officers were grouped about one of the loveliest women there. Indeed she was scarcely more than a girl, seventeen or eighteen, yet there were few whose grace or beauty might be compared with that of this lovely girl, Jocelyn, the only daughter of General Merideth. Weary of the gayety and the laughter, around her, tired of her boyish admirers, she rose, and with a queenly grace, crossed the floor of the ballroom. She mounted a broad staircase, leading to galleries that encircled the court yard-like ballroom. Opening upon the broad gallery was several rooms the largest of

which her father used as his office. A dim light was burning there; and at the end of the gallery looking thru an open window stood a sergeant. She crossed to the office intending to enter and rest there a while, but as her foot touched the threshold she was terrified by seeing a man spring before a desk-drawn which he had apparently been ramsacking. A startled cry burst from her lips. Then her mind grasped the situation—he was a rebel—he was searching for some important dispatch General Grant had sent to her father. Even as this past thru her mind, she heard the running footsteps of the sergeant, then he appeared in the doorway; for a moment he appearde confused, and glanced from one to the other. Then he spoke.

"I beg your pardon, Mistress Merideth, but I thought I heard you cry out, I——," He paused.

"Yes, sergeant, you did." She moved toward the man, who gazed at her half-defiantly—half admiringly, and slipped her hand thru his arm, she continued, " I don't quite understand just what has happened, sergeant; My companion and I came up here to look for my fan, and, as we entered the room, someone sprang from before the desk, and rushed thru the door. I—I—can't understand just what has happened. You—You don't suppose anyone was trying to steal my father's papers, do you?" Here Jocelyn looked as though she might faint, the she rallied, "Quickly sergant, post soldiers in front of all doors that open on the gallery and cut off his escape, I—Oh! My heavens, I think I shall faint, quickly, Sir," she turned to the man beside her, "Come take me to the window, I need air."

She turned and, half supported by her companion, passed the amazed sergant, and walked to the well shaded window at the end of the gallery. Here she seated herself on the window seat.

"—Hurry," she cried in a low voice "You must go before they discover our little farce."

Then for the first time, the stranger spoke thrilling the girl as never before, by his slow southern voice.

"You!" he cried, his voice intense with emotion. "Will you not be discovered; your part in this made known? Will you not be involved in scandal, disgraced??"

"Oh what does it all matter, go, go before you are discovered, you must, or please hurry please."

Her voice, usually cold was now passionate and pleading. Seizing her hand he knelt at her feet, "I will do as you tell me," he said humbly, "Only first may I not know your name?"

At these words intense suffering passed over the face of this girl.

"Oh Father in Heaven. I had almost forgotten; what am I doing?" Turning she said, "You are a Rebel, you are my enemy, yet I, I, the daughter of General Merideth am aiding in treason". she laughed bitterly. "Go", she said, "before it is too late. Go, or I may repent".

"One moment," he picked her handkerchief from the floor. "This," he said courteously, "May I take it with me?"

"Yes," she answered wearily, and then her manner changed quickly. "Fly, fly before it too late; do you not realize it is death to remain?"

"I go", he said, then taking her hand and he kissed it reverently, and, with a last gaze in those wonderful eyes ,he turned and slipped silently down the dark stariway by which he had entered; turning Jocelyn sank half fainting upon the seat beside her.

A, few moments passed and Jocelyn drew herself together. A glance along the gallery was suf ficient to assure her that in the excitement, and under cover of the dark shadows, she had remained unnoticed. Turning to the same dark stairs, she ran swiftly down to the ballroom, and joined her former companions. She allowed herself to be claimed for several of the following dances.

Then an officer stod before her,

"His Excellency, General Merideth, wishes ot see you at once."

Feigning surprise, Jocelyn arose and once again made her way to her father's office. She found him in the center of the room; beside him was the visiting commander and about him a circle of officers. Curtseying low, she stod before him inquiringly.

"Jocelyn," he said sternly, "I command you to tell all you know concerning this matter."

"I don't quite comprehend," she replied, again feigning surprise." Do you mean about the robber I discovered?"

"Yes," he answered shortly, "The robber, the Rebel, or the spy, as you wish it, who has escaped from our hands."

"Oh—then he was really a Rebel and did—"

Interrupting coldly, her father said, "I want the story."

"Oh, but there is no story," Jocelyn cried, "I just came up here to look for my fan, and I saw someone by the desk. I screamed and the sergeant rushed in. I told him what had taken place, and then as I was nearly fainting, I left the room with my companion."

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "I think General, that you had better take charge of this and question the girl. This concerns me too nearly," he bowed.

The General smiled acquiesence. "Tell me the story once more, and this time in detail."

Again, and more fully Jocelyn repeated her version of the incident. When she had finished the General stood in grave silence for a moment.

"I am sure you have spoken truly; though perhaps you have the whole incident trifling, and hold that your part in it is of no censequence."

He bowed; Jocelyn curtseyed deeply. She said nothing but the look she gave him was full of gratitude, and he smiled back in sympathy and understanding. Her father, however, was not so easily satisfied.

A week later Jocelyn returned to Washington to take up her residence with an elderly aunt. Nearly a year passed; the light hearted Jocelyn was now a woman. Coldly and proudly, yet sadly she moved in the highest circles of Washington Society. But, try as she might, Jocelyn could not forget that one confederate soldier. Not even his name was known to her, yet his image was stamped upon her mind indelibly. She was torn by her passionate ideals; she admitted to hersilf that at least she admired, if not loved, this southerner; but she was a northerner, she was the daughter of a northern general. Again and again she told herself that she must put such ideas of love from her mind, but she found it impossible.

At last came the news of the capture of Richmond, and of the surrender at Appomattox. With it came her father. On the afternoon of the following day, a caller, Stanley Lee, was announced. Turning graciously to receive him, she saw before her, her Southern lover. For a moment everything was blurred before her eyes, she felt his arms about her, she heard passionate words upon his lips, then steadying herself, she drew back firmly. "Don't," she cried, "Don't, for heaven's sake, you make it too hard, I cannot bear it. You must go— you are a Rebel".

"No", his voice was agonized, "No, I cannot. You do love me. You must marry me."

"No", she repeated, "I cannot."

"Then, he said gently, "Do not make it final. For two years I will remain here, constantly near you. Promise that the moment you find your convictions altered, you will tell me. Promise!"

"I do promise," she said, "if ever I can see my way clear and honorable, I will let you know, by placing, at sunset, a red ribbon upon the garden gate." She paused, then "and now—goodbye." Sobbing, she left the room.

That same day there came the gratifying message that that evening the President and his wife would dine with them. The guests arrived punctually. After some conservation, the General arose to show his guests over the grounds. Taking Mrs. Lincoln's arm, he left Jocelyn to follow

with the President. Soon the couples became separated. Then Jocelyn led the President into the conservatory. As they strolled along the aisles, nautrally enough the conversation turned into political channels. Then President Lincoln spoke of his cherished plan for helping the Southern States. He mentioned these so kindly and lovingly that Jocelyn looked at him in amazement.

"But, President Lincoln, I thought it was our duty to sever all relationship with these Rebels —I—I," she paused, then continued slowly, "Oh, President Lincoln, am I wrong? Tell me —would I be a traitor, would I be wicked, if I loved a Southern man?"

The President looked upon her kindly, laying his hand upon her arm, he spoke gently:

"My daughter, the Southern people are our kinsmen. They fought for an ideal; it is not for us to judge them. If you love a man, enough to marry him, he must possess but three qualities —he must be a man who is clean, he must be honorable, he must be strong. Remember this, my daughter; and may God bless you."

Awe stricken, Jocelyn gazed upon his face. Then she walked slowly to the garden gate, unpinned a red ribbon from the throat of her dress, and tied this upon the post. For a moment she stood gazing at the slowly sinking sun. Then a door across the way was thrown open, a figure rushed across the road. It was Stanley.

"It is sunset! You are by the gate! There is a red ribbon!" he said, "does it mean, does it mean—"

She nodded dumbly. With a leap he was over the low wall. Impetuously he extended his arms, but she shook her head, dropping her eyelids coquettishly.

"No, sir," she cried. "You must court me properly first. Besides," she continued seriously, "I do not mean that I accept you, but that my scruples concerning Southern men have been removed, and by no less a personage than the President himself. Come, you must meet him."

Together they approached the place where the President was still standing. With a few simple words, Jocelyn made the situation plain to each. Then she said,

"Stanley, you must seek permission of Father to visit me," and turning she added:

"President, won't you be so kind as to intimate to father such views as you have expressed to me?"

Then she led them to a pleasant spot where her father and Mrs. Lincoln were seated. Having introduced Stanley, she turned to Mrs. Lincoln.

"Come, let us leave the men to themselves. Let me show you something of mine."

It was late that night when all the company had departed. Then

the General called his daughter to him and informed her that not only had Stanley asked permission to woo her, but that also the President had himself seconded the match.

"Come, daughter," he concluded, "will you not tell me just how you met Stanley Lee?" And very carefully Jocelyn told all concerning Stanley, even the words of the President. Then she added,

"Father, I love Stanley; but before I marry him, I shall prove him clean, honorable, and strong."

The following night there occurred that heart-rending tragedy—the assassination of President Lincoln. Jocelyn, remembering his last conversation with her, regarded these words as a child would regard the dying command of its parent. Conscientiously she remained true to her resolve not to marry Stanley until she knew him to be the possessor of all three virtues.

Nearly a year passed before she was sure. Then, one night she stood before him with such shining eyes that he knew immediately that something unusual had taken place.

"Jocelyn," he cried, "Jocelyn, your love, has it come at last? I have waited patiently, are you ready?"

With a joyful smile, she answered firmly,

"I am, Stanley."

Without a word he put his arms about her gently, and, for the first time their lips met.

A month later, one of the fairest brides ever seen in the capital advanced down a flower-strewn aisle to meet the bravest officer in the Southern army.

Kitty Ruth Bacon.

ALGEBRA (MY DOOM)

'Twas midnight on the ocean
Oh, yes, that lovely song
But, 'twas midnight in my bedroom
And the light was burning strong.

My algebra before me,
A pencil in my hand,
And pretty signs of square root
Danced round me in a band.

And then I got one right—
The joy was sweet but sharp,
For the shock was far too great
And now I'm playing the harp.

Pitiful Patory.

HIDE AND SNEAK

Outside, the boys are gathered;
Excitement's high, you bet,
While Johnny hides from Mother,
And smokes his cigarette.

Inside the women gather;
Excitement's higher yet,
While Mother hides from Johnny
And smokes her cigarette.

P. Pung.

A republican is a person who thinks a Democratic administration is bad for business; a Democrat is a person who thinks a Republican administration is bad for business; both are right. Prize winning definition in a competition held by the Baltimore Sun.

NEWS

"La Classe de Conversation" has been busying itself during the past month for French Day. This has been an annual occurrence in this school for many years, and is always looked forward to with great anticipation. It was held this year on Friday, May 8. The program consisted of two plays, "Pauvre Sylvire" and "La Surprise d'Isidore," prepared by different girls from Miss Roman's and Miss Dupre's classes; recitations by Rowena Duffy, Alice West, Cora Sadler, and Comita Streiffer; a dance by Eliska Tobin and Virginia Tete; a violin solo by Dorothy Todd; and French chorus by the French classes. The event proved a big success and was enjoyed by all.

Second only to French Day was the feast of the French Club. This took place the Friday following French Day. Through the kindness of Mrs. Lusher we were allowed to use one of the large basement rooms. Delicious sandwiches, salads, ices, cake, etc., were served. Needless to say, this proved a gala event.

In closing, the Club has asked me to wish the Chronicle all kinds of success for next year, and hopes it will continue the good work it has begun.

Bernice Mansberg.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

On Tuesday, May 5, the Dramatic Club held its monthly meeting. As it was better music week, some of our girls who are talented in both music and dramatics gave us a scene from Madame Butterfly. The overture was rendered by the special orchestra of milk bottles, pop bottles, a watering can and a piano, the musicians were all finished artists who, by their skill, showed years of sincere practice.

The next number on the program was a recitation entitled "Casey," which was very well given by Adele Craig.

Our most distinguished guest at the meeting, Miss Perkins, was asked to entertain us. This she did by accompaning the Chemistry Chorus in their H_2SO_4.

The concluding number to our program was several jazz selections by Winnifred Heath. We did not

close with the usual refreshments, much to the sorrow of the girls, but maybe they are preparing for a real treat next time. Well, we'll have to wait and see.

The February class of 1926 held it meeting March 31. The election of officers was as follows:

President, Betty Donaldson.

Vice-President, Adele Dufour.

Secretary, Esther Bye.

Treasurer, Lorena Mansefield.

THE BOTANY CLUB

The Botany Club is following the old saying of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There has been no end of good times. So many parties have been given that we fear that all play and no work is going to make Jack a dull boy. The Botany Club gave a grand initiation, with plenty of spooks and ice-cream. The May Day party was lovely. Besides King Dorothy Hennessy and Queen Myrtle Long, in their flowing robes of green and white, there were four dukes and maids and two pages (who were more like paragraphs), and a court jester. The king was presented with a huge cabbage filled with cigars, and the queen received a bouquet of carrots. The queen presented her maids with beautiful lockets, and her pages with very pretty rings. The kind presented the dukes with handsome green and white watch fobs. Green and white ice-cream and cake were served, and games were played.

We have lately had a flower show. The show was one of the finest we have ever given, and proved a great success. Miss Buchanan, Mr. Abale and Mr. Hines were judges. The first prize for the most artistic table was won by Dorothy Hennessy and Lorelia Wooley; for the best arranged vase, Ruth Bentley; the best wild nature effect, by Dorothy Hennessy and Lorelia Wooley; the best cut flower, by Bessie Pringle; the most original idea, by Margaret Hymel and Susie Roberts; and the best potted plant, by Elvira Heitman. The tables were very lovely and the collection of plants large. After the show a house-warming was given to the graduated members.

All the members are working hard to make the school proud of the Botany Club garden.

Margret C. Hymel, Sect.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

On Wednesday, April 22, the Chemsitry Club held its regular meeting. The program, which consisted of talks, songs and poetry, was most interesting. A demonstration by Miss Perkins added much to its interest. The new Laboratory baby's name was chosen. It's Chris. How do you like it. It was so late, however, when we finished our program and choosing his name that we had to postpone the christening to the next regular meeting, when all his parents and grandparents will be present.

Rena Wilson.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

As customary, the Chemistry Club went on Holy Thursday to pay its annual visit to the American Sugar Refinery. (You who are going to take Chemistry, don't miss it.) We had the most wonderful and most interesting time ever. Of course it was a little tiresome (for those not used to walking), but the factory itself made up for our tiredness. The thing that took my eye (I can't speak for the others) was the laboratory where the sugar is tested. I'd love to spend days there. We ate our lunch on the levee, enjoying a delightful river breeze at the same time that we enjoyed our lunch. Our dessert came later when we visited the packing rooms and tasted of the various sugar products. Then we took the car and left behind us a day of good times and instruction.

Rena Wilson.

LATIN CLUB

The Club gave a Latin Card Party on the evening of April 17th and a large number were present. Light refreshments were served. A dorine and two cross-word puzzle books were the prizes awarded to the three winners. Latin may be considered a dead language, but a Latin card game is anything but dead.

Dorothy P. Russ,
Secretary.

NEXT YEAR'S CHRONICLE

According to the new plan of Chronicle management which is to be tried out next term, control of the school paper will be shared by the February and June classes of 1926. Instead of complete reorganization of the staff in January, as has for some years past been the custom, there will be changes in only a few of the offices due to February graduation. These vacancies will be filled as they occur. It is hoped in this way to carry on the work of the paper more smoothly and with less hardship to the newcomers than has hitherto been the case.

Contracts for advertising will be secured for the entire school year, instead of for three or four issues. This should result in at least as great a volume of business as we have previously had, with half the effort that has been necessary.

The Chronicle staff for 1925-1926 was selected during April, 1925, at a real election, with a full ticket in the field, typed ballots deposited in the official Chronicle Box, and tallied by election commis-

sioners. The privileges of voting was restricted to the present Senior A, Junior A and B, and Sophomore A classes. In several cases the vote was very close. The following is the list of those elected:

Editor in chief, Ruth Brandao.

Business manager, Edna Gamble.

Advertising manager, Dorothy Russ.

Assistant advertising manager, Selma Heitzner.

Circulation manager, Hester Kathman.

Assistant circulation manager, Mary Cossgrove.

Literary editor, Dorothy Pillow.

News editor, Adele Foster.

Exchange editor, Dorothy Brian.

Joke editor, Dorothy Sanford.

Athletic editor, Freda Heffron.

Catty Club editor, Elinor Ives.

Staff artist, Doris Donovan.

Assistant staff artist, Ouida Seiler.

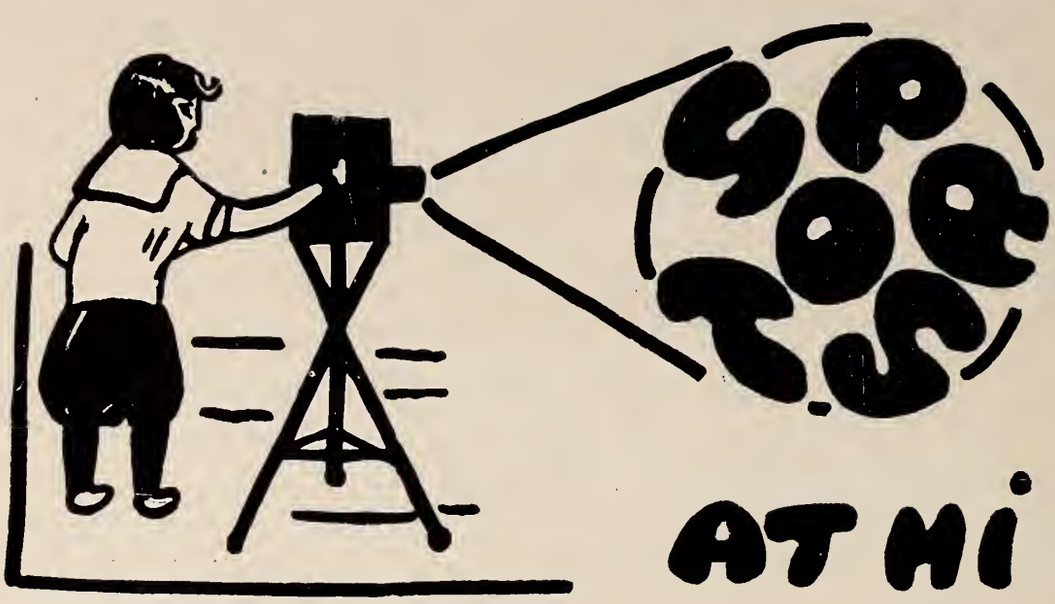
The Business Manager will be in charge of the business end of the work, and the Advertising Managers and the Circulation Managers will all work in conjunction with her. It will be noticed that three new offices have been created, as the need for them has become apparent; these are the Circulation Manager and assistant, and as assistant to the Staff Artist.

It is to be hoped that the entire school will give to this new staff the same hearty and enthusiastic cooperation that has been bestowed upon the present one, to the end that we shall see next term an even "Bigger and Better Chronicle."

In the parish of St. James, 40 odd miles from New Orleans, is a historic and picturesque industry, infinitesimal in comparison with many of the other bountiful agricultural crops of the state, but so peculiarly Louisianian as to deserve a separate mention. This is the Perique tobacco industry.

There is no other place in the world where this peculiar tobacco is grown and a a consequence it is shipped not only to the American markets but to tobacconists in all parts of the globe.

The oldest umbrella in the world which is in the same condition as when it was purchased in Dorset, England, is in the possession of a resident of Hobart, Tasmania. It was brought there in 1770 by William Levett and has been a cherished possession of his descendants.



"It's all over now."

But now matter how much is over and done with there is always something that is just started. Spring has gone down the road and Summer has stepped up with her wares arrayed in their most glorious colors. Many youths step forward and pick out blushing June brides, over in one corner is a fine array of voile dresses, straw caddies, pictures of Niagara Falls and Pikes Peak, and scattered among them are pile on piles of time-tables. But it is not at this counter that the crowd is gathering. There's a sale on at the other end and not a one of us want to miss a good bargain. Summer is offering tennis rackets, balls, courts, bathing suits, swimming pools, canoes, rowboats, ukelales, moonlight nights, balmy breezes, mossy paths, and hundreds of other knick knacks at the lowest possible costs and with absolute guarantee that you will have a good time!

And you don't need any time-tables either to use them. Just walk around Audubon or City Parks the day after school closes and if you are still living and past the golf links, and you resisted the whirring of the tennis balls, and the quiet plash of the canoes didn't affect you, you're bound to succumb when the little freckled faced kid yells to you:

"Come on in, the water's fine!"

And if you dont . . . well, there's no hope for you, you're just one of those poor unfortunate unhuman humans!

Some of you will go to camp, some will travel, and some will just stick around the old home and watch how high the thermometer can get and how low the ice runs, but each and every one of you are thinking that you're going to have the best time you've ever had before and here's hoping that you do!

The baseball games are over and everybody had a lot of fun at them, too. Although the Indian Clubs won all the interclass games, the Dumbbells won the Varsity.

Dumbbells—	*Indian Clubs—*
Golmer, G.	Blumenthal, R.
Dalton, L.	Mitchel, D.
Wing, M.	Dolan, M.
Ruffin, Z.	Frederico, A.
Hall, A. L.	Schluter, K.
Kathman, H.	Camille, M.
Dancy, F.	Micas, T.
Donlon, F.	Heffron, F.
Zar, A.	Thomas, K.
Pitman	DeRussy
Randal, H.	

During the month the Wright Varsity played the Commercial Varsity in the most exciting game of the season. Mrs. Lusher allowed the game to take place in the assembly period and therefore everyone turned out "en masse" to cheer for their team. No more was it Indian Club against Dumbbell or vice versa, but it was the "Right" girls standing up for the "Right" team. The Commercials put up a good fight but we won.

Wright High, 11 *Commercials,* 5

Blumenthal, R.	Casteix
Mitchel, D.	Sharples
Dolan, M.	Lohr
Schluter, K.	Lozano
Gollmer, J.	Lerola
Durand, F.	Egan
Ruffin, Z.	Schill
Hall, L. A.	Mauffray
Randall, H.	Ralph
Donlan, D.	*Subs.*
Subs.	Capraro
Dalton, L.	Caire
Dubourg, N.	Duw
Heffron, F.	Lurgi
Wink, M.	

FIELD DAY

Thursday, May 14—THIS IS FIELD DAY!

Although all the races are run, and all the hurdles are over, and all the weiners are gone, and the last drop of icy pop has run down the last red lane, there still is a glory reflected in the sunset of this day.

Red and blue was the color scheme. Our school was the setting and We were the actors. Indian Club and Dumbell were the hero and heroine. All the stage now, is a quantity of paper, a few bedraggled ice cream cones, some pop bottles that burst in their glory, and one poor little forsaken weiner barking like mad for a roll.

Every one has gone home tired but happy, I'll take the hint and do likewise.

Broad Jump 61-*inch*	Broad Jump *Unlimited*
1. Montgomery	1. Wink
2. Menny	2. Schluter
3. O'Toole	3. Cooper

Running Broad Jump	Running Broad Jump
1. O'Rourke	1. Wink
2. Langerman	2. Kohlman
3.Durand	3. Giraud

Baseball Thow	Baseball Thow
1. Durand	1. Schluter
2. O'Rourke	2. Hall
3. Callac	3. Donlan

High Jump	High Jump
1. Durand	1. Wink
2. Broom	2. Drueding
3. Smith	3.McVey

Hurdling	Hurdling
1. Durand	1. Hall
2. Merritt	2. Dancy
3. Olsen	3. Thames

Hop, Skip and Jump	Hop, Skip and Jump
1. Langerman	1. Mitchell
2. Barre	2. Philips
3. Jackman	3. Hall

Dash	Dash
1. Langerman	1. Donovan
2. Durand	2. Wink
3. Merritt	3. Geraud

THE TOTAL SCORE FOR THE YEAR IS:

INDIAN CLUBS

DUMBELLS

RAH! RAH! RAH!

VARSITY VOLLEY-BALL TEAMS

Dumbells	*Indian Clubs*
1. Dalton	1. Miller
2. Wink	2. Durand
3. Gollmer	3. Sherman
4. Hall	4. Fisher
5. Ruffin	5. Dolan
6. Randall	6. Micas
7. Dancy	7. Dubourg
8. Daubert	8. Blacklock
9. Zar	9. Heffron
10. Drum	10. Frederico
11. Westfeldt	11. Bennett
12. Robertson	12. Bayard
	13. Schluter
	14. Todd

In salt production Louisiana has always ranked high. During the early days of the settlement the "salt works" or "salt licks" in various parts of the state were known to the Indians, but it was not until the time of the Civil War that the great rock salt deposits of the southwestern part of the state were discovered.

Why is Pat. M. sorry summer is coming?

The thing that kept India backwards so long was the "Cask" system. (Why didn't they try prohibition?)

The Freshmen certainly must think that the Egyptians were dumb for they habitually speak of the Egyptian dummies.

I wonder why Sylvia B., Annie C., and Hilda D. insist upon playing tennis at 6 a. m.

Well! At last Issy M. has promised to learn to "shake a leg."

Somebody made the remark in Room 102 that snow "grew" and E. R. wanted to know if it really does.

Why doesn't Frences P. join the Debating Society? She *does argue* so well.

Why all the sudden sophistication, Isabel W.?

Fire engine houses are useful in more than one way, eh, B. Kahn?

Some bright chemist says that ivory soap is made from cream of tartar.

Why does I. LaFonta always wear her Oberon pin?

Will someone please tell us just who the "locust-eaters" are? Ruth M. has aroused our curiosity.

The coat of arms of Spain has been recently changed, according to a chemistry student. It now has a bar of soap on it.

M. Stair says that the reason Poe was expelled from West Point was because he broke 300 of the 500 windows the first two weeks he was there.

D. E. says she's forgotten everything—even how many sides a circle has.

What generous person was that that sent Aida H. all those "American beauties" when she was sick?

Some girls are so fond of chemistry that they even talk about it in their sleep, don't they, Carmelita G.?

Can any of the Sherlock Holmes of this school offer any clues to the disappearance of Oliver W.'s ring?

M. Campbell thinks that granulated sugar is due to "microorganisms."

Bertha C. says there are a lot of "back" germs in Mississippi River water.

Whose frat pin is Alba R. wearing?

Gertrude S. writes up a big news story all about a dead revolver.

Who, we should like to know, is responsible for Shirley Mae W.'s curly hair?

Why do Lelia C. and Alma E. go together, eat alike, and even look alike?

The American History class is still waiting to hear about "Tralfalga Square" from Catherine S.

What is the connection between J. R. and a Greek?

This is a new one on us. China's backwardness is due to the fact that China had all the mountain passages locked and refused to procure the keys to open them.

Ask Eloise P. why she always sings "Somebody loves me, I wonder who."

If you want any information on gardening just ask M. Carey. She seems to know how to get every variety to bloom in spring.

A recent Freshmen essay on Hawthorne says "Hawthorne married a woman he did not know." (Is he any different from any other man, Freshie?

Why was Charlotte B. so anxious to have her shoe tried on her left foot?

Won't someone be kind enough to tell Violet L. how far apart two milestones are?

Ask Prop. why she got tired of her P.K. (Not gum).

EXCHANGE.

Tree City Breeze—Greensburg, Ind.—The jokes and athletic news are good, but there is no exchange column.

Coyote Journal—Phoenix, Arizona.—The editorials are very good, and "The Guillotine" is as fine as ever.

The Maroon—New Orleans, La. —The sports are well brought out, and the news articles are interesting.

Tower News—Cincinnati, Ohio—The article on the origin of St. Valentine's Day was your best work in that issue.

M. T. S. News—New York, N. Y.—Your style of printing is odd, but attractive. "Local News" is your best section.

The Walking Leaf — Montour Falls, New York.—The Cook Academy seems to have a fine music studio judging from the picture in your magazine.

The Red and Black—Tampa, Florida.—You certainly have a large number of exchanges, which are a great credit to your paper.

McDonogh Chatter—New Orleans, La.—Your jokes are clever, and your stories interesting.

The Forum—Houston, Texas—You have more ads. than any other magazine your size. Congratulations on being able to secure them.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Chronicle"—New Orleans, La.—There are some clever poems in this paper.—The Walking Leaf, Montour Falls, N. Y.

"Chronicle"—Your abundance of jokes and personals is especially good.—The Forum, Houston, Tex.

The Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, La.—This little magazine is the most interesting of our exchanges. Your joke column is the longest we have ever seen in any school paper, but as it occupies fully one-third of your reading matter it is entirely out of proportion with what ought to be the main purpose of a school magazine, namely, to encourage literary compositions.—The Sigma, Peoria, Ill.

SWEET SYMPATHY

Boy Scout (to an old lady): May I accompany you across the street, Madam?

Lady: Certainly, Sonny. How long have you been waiting for somebody to take you across?

BRILLIANT CLASS MATE OF OURS

Miss P: There is a scientific belief that a country formerly known as Atlantis is at the bottom of the sea between Africa and South America.

Pupil: Yes, Miss P., but did they dive down to find the country?

Ed: I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am; haven't you?

(No answer.)

Ed: I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I?

Co-ed: I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think.

Guide (pointing to statue in Madison Square): You see before you two figures of artistic value.

Tourist: I see only one.

Guide: Yes, there is Diana and her beau.

"This apartment is impossible," complained Blue Beard, "there isn't a single place to hang a wife."

WISE CRACK

Dumb (reading papers): It says here that the human body contains some sulphur.

Bell: I see. That explains why some girls make better matches than others.

NOM DE PLUME

"What's that number across the front of your shirt?" asked the lady visitor of the convict.

"Oh that's my pen name," he explained.—Kansas City Owl.

CROSSED

She (coyly): George, you have such affectionate eyes.

He (thrilled): Dearest, do you really mean it?

She (bored): Yes, they're always looking at each other.

RECOLLECT

Prosecuting Attorney (to opponent): You're the biggest boob in the city.

Judge (rapping for order): Gentlemen, you forget I am here.

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A Tragic Riddle.

Her eyes were wild, her hair in disorder, her hands were clenched. She was a deeply injured, desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in anguished tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured the very foundation of my being! Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When we first met, your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own, how many friends envied me! Yet your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have ruined my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So, begone, we part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth, and it was all over. By a supreme effort she removed her——shoes.

—Farm Journal.

Judge—You are charged with shooting squirrels out of season.

Prisoner—Your Honor, I shot them in self-defense.

"I've had my picture taken."

"Got the proofs?"

"No, dear, you'll have to take my word for it."

Student—Give me twenty-five dollars worth of scratch paper.

Shop-keeper—Good, gosh, why do you want so much scratch paper?

Student—I got the seven year itch.

—Sour Owl.

In the Old Days (Daze).

Mrs. Aesop (to her husband)—Where were you until this hour? Now none of your fables.

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

In conversation with Muriel, Myrtle confidentially announced that the engagement of their mutual friend, Alice. to the young minister, was off.

"She told me he was awully nice in many ways," went on Myrtle, "but was horribly jealous and took undue advantage of his position."

"How was that?"

"Well, every time she had an engagement to motor with some other man, he would pray for rain."

Usually—a ring on the right hand is worth two on the phone.

—The Simpsonian.

Doctor—Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread and contagion in your family?

Rastus—Absolutely, doctah, we done bought a sanitary cup and we all drunk from it.

—The Baptist.

How Time Flies.

He—Do you realize the war started ten years ago today?

She—What war?

Hubby (leaving)—I am going out to prune the apple trees.

She—But, Frank, you know I don't care for prunes.

"Yes, she didn't like his type."

"And so Mabel turned the printer down?"

—Yellow Arab.

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

—Yellow Jacket.

Just because a man keeps lumbering along, it does not necessarily mean that he has a wooden leg.

—Lampoon.

By All Means.

A Scotchman was sitting by the bedside of his dying wife, and on the table at the head of the bed stood a lighted candle. He sat in silence for some time until at length the doorbell rang.

"Jennie," he said. "I've got to go and answer the door. Do you hear me?"

The poor wife nodded feebly.

"I'll be gone but a few minutes," he said rising, "but in the meantime if you feel yourself slipping, blow out the candle."

—Exchange.

Boy—And do they have radios on ships, Daddy?

Daddy—Yes, of course.

Boy (pointing to ventilation funnels)—But why do they need so many loud speakers?

—Exchange.

Cross-Words.

Instructor—What's the capital of Australia?

Studnet (absent-mindedly)—In how many letters?

A deaf woman sat in a seat well to the front of the church and adjusted her ear trumpet in order to listen to the sermon. The sexton tiptoed up and leaning over her whispered, "One toot and out you go."

"Why don't you play your banjo or mandolin?"

"There is no choice."

"What do you mean, there is no choice?"

"I haven't any pick."

—Punch Bowl.

"I dreamed last night that five cockroaches climbed on top of my dictionary and staged a play."

"What kind of a show was it?"

"Oh, just a play on words."

—Octopus.

RELATIVELY CORRECT

Gwendolyn—What is the rate of exchange, anyway?

Maryn—Well, dear, of course it differs according to circumstances, but I should say the average is about one new husband a year.

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FLORAL DECORATION

Some people don't have to turn out the light to be in the dark.

—Judge.

He—I've just come from the insane asylum.

She—On business?

He—No, just down to see a friend off.

—Sun Dial.

Silently, fixedly he gazed down into her lilac eyes. She was a beautiful thing, pliable, amendable to his every suggestion. She made no move—but waited expectantly, like a frightened faun. She was a fool he considered. He must force the issue. "I love you!" he shrieked. "Say it! Repeat it!" I love you" she said perceptibly. He advanced, menacing, terrible. She felt faint. Still she uttered no sound.

He was white with fury. He was an awful egg—her French Prof.—and she didn't know the verb.

—Ski-U-Mah.

O. K.

She held my hand within her own
And pressed it here and there.
Her brow was white as marble stone,
And, oh! Her face was fair.
And sweeter far than other loves,
I saw her bright smile flash
She seized her book, "One pair of gloves,
Will this be charge or cash?"

—Texas Ranger.

Dumb—I call my girl "Spearmint."

Moreso—Why, because she's "Wrigley?"

Dumb—No, because she's always after meals.

The Test.

He—I went to see a memory expert last night.

She Was he good?

He—Naw; he forgot to show up.

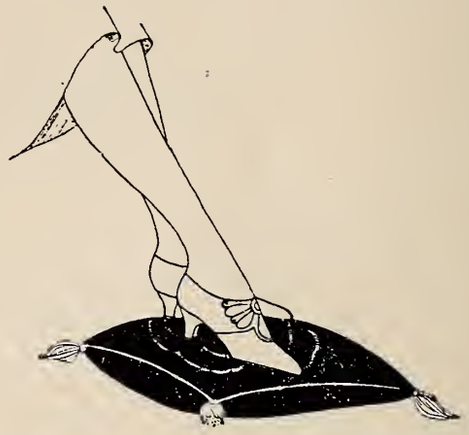
It was said of a recent prep-school graduate, that one night he left a note on his door for his room-mate who had gone to the movies. This was the legend: "If I'm studying when you get back, wake me up."

—Record.

Cheap skates never cut much ice.

—Judge.

WALK-OVER



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